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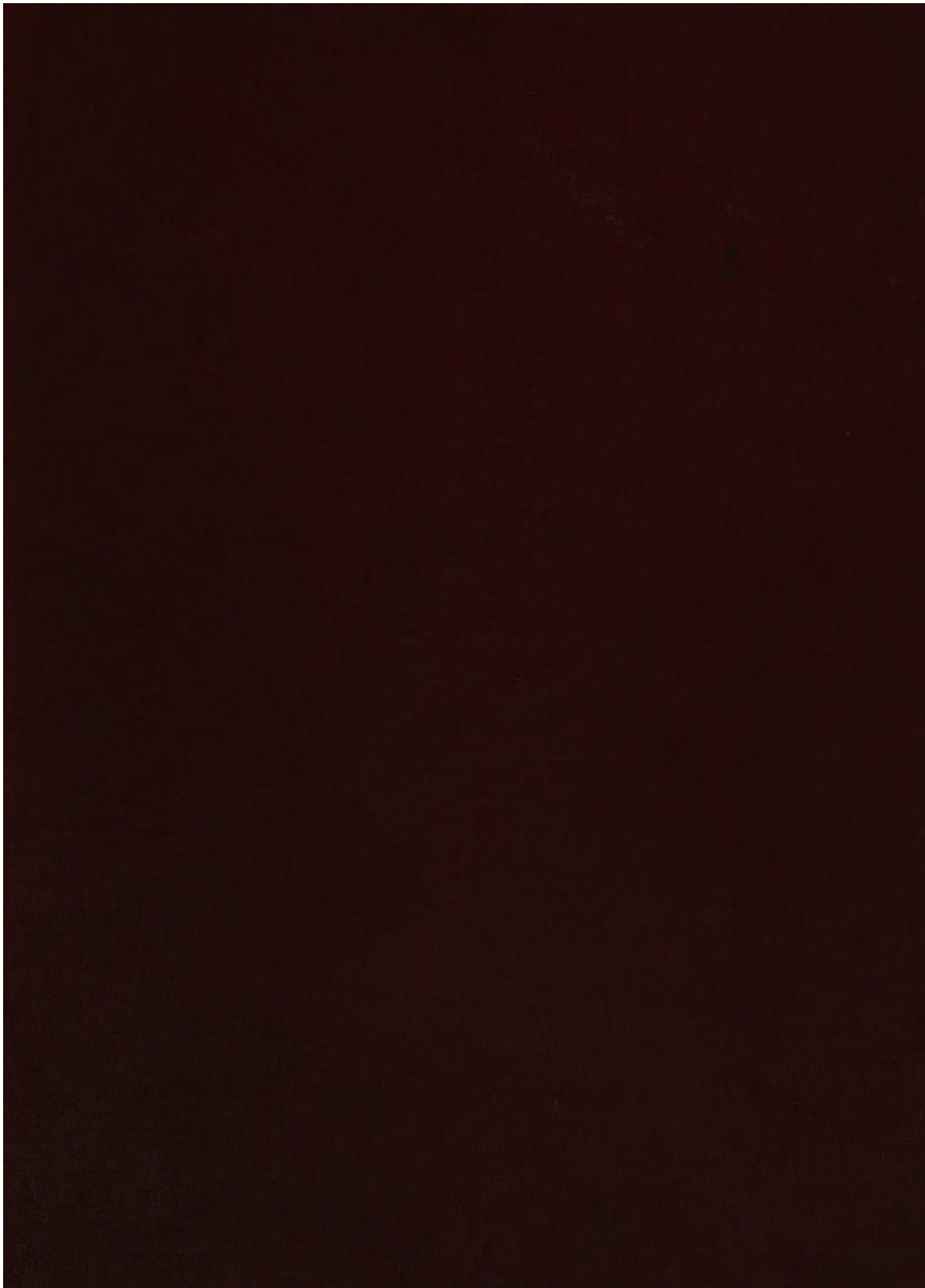
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Soc. 2804 c. 1

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Publications of the Spenser Society.

ISSUE No. 6.

THE  
'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ  
OR  
PASSIONATE CENTURIE  
OF  
LOVE

BY  
THOMAS WATSON

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION  
OF (circa) 1581

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1869

b.

Soc. 2804. c. 1/6



*From Heber's Sale Catalogue, Part 4 (1834).*

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No. 2870. The 'EKATOMPIAΘIA or Passionate Centurie of Loue, Diuided into two parts : whereof, the first expreffeth the Authors sufferance in Loue : the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watfon Gentleman ; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

“Unquestionably one of the rarest books in the whole range of English poetry. Steevens and others have termed these poems ‘Sonnets’; but the only ‘Sonnet’ by Watfon, properly so called, is the ‘Quatorzain,’ which introduces the main body of the volume, and which is strictly upon the Italian model. Watfon was too well acquainted with the true form of the Sonnet, (which was introduced into English by Lord Surrey) to call these productions by that designation : each consists not of fourteen but of eighteen lines. It is to be doubted if there be another perfect copy in existence, and Mr. Heber lent the present for the fabrication of the article upon the *Hekatompathia* in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. It was entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1581, and it was printed either in that year, or very early in the next. Watfon was dead when Nash published his ‘Have with you to Saffron Walden,’ for he there says — ‘A man he was I dearly loved and honoured, and for all things hath left few of his equals in England.’”











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L O N D O N

Printed by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell  
Cawood, dwellinge in Paules  
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the Holy Ghost.





To the Right Honorable my  
*very good Lord* Edward de Vere, *Earle*  
of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord  
of Escles, and Badlesmere, and Lord High  
Chamberlaine of England, all  
*happinesse.*



*Alexander the Great, passing on a  
time by the workeshop of Apelles,  
curiouslie surueyed some of his do-  
inges : whose long stay in viewing  
them, brought all the people into so  
great a good liking of the painters  
workemanship, that immediatelie after, they bought vp  
all his pictures, what price soeuer he set them at.*

*And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel  
vnto mee latelie, concerning these my Loue Pafsions,  
which then chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites.  
For since the world hath vnderstood, (I know not how)  
that your Honor had willinglie vouchsafed the acce-  
ptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures fauou-  
rablie perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many  
haue oftentimes and earnestly called vpon mee, to put it  
to the presse, that for their mony they might but see,  
what your Lordship with some liking had alreadie peru-  
sed. And therewithall some of them said (either to yeeld*

*A 3 your*



## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*your Honour his due prayse, for soundnes of iudgement ; or to please me, of whome long since they had conceiued well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but such as were drawn by the cunning hand, and with the curious pensill of Apelles. VVhich I set not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites, for worthinesse ; albeit I fittlie compare your Honors person with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold soeuer I haue bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where euerie man may behold their nakednesse, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyson of euill edged tongues) these my little ones maye shrowde themselues vnder the broad leafed Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leaue ; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good soeuer tendeth vnto perfect happines.*

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

*Thomas VVatson.*

*To the frendly Reader.*



Courteous Reader, if anie thing herein either please or profite thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toy being liked, the next may prooue better; being discouraged, wil cut of the likelihood of my trauaile to come. But by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleased. For neither shall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these louepassions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed) so suruey the faultes herein escaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouersightes of a blinde Louer; or to excuse them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie; or lastlie, to defend them, by saying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his pase, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poëme, whē his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mentioning the swiftnes of the winde, maketh his verse to runne in posthaste all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in expressing the striking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verse, where my sence was vnsetled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seeme a happy fault; or if it were so framed by counsell, thou mayest thinke it well donne; if by chauce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuse my selfe of such errorrs, as are escaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtisie and fauourable construction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne presse, if he would suffer me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalfe; saying

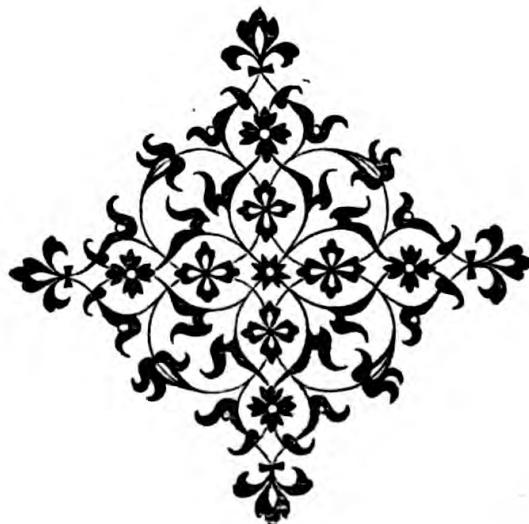
TO THE READER.

faying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch haft made *Sol* angrie in their Birthday ; to the second, that although *Venus* be in my verse, yet her slipper is left out ; to the last and worst, that I rather take vpon me to write better then *Chærilus*, then once suppose to imitate *Homer*.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by such as are captious, as for the desire I haue to please thee that art frendlie. But since I now wel remember me, that nothing is more easlie let flowne, nothing soner disperfed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blast of an euill spoaken man, and that he, whome it shall hurt, hath no recure but by patience ; I will set it behinde my heele, as a hurt remediless, or els, when it comes,alue it vp with patience.

In the meane space (curteous Reader) I once againe craue thy faourable iudgement : and so, for breuitie sake, abruptlie make an end ; committing the to God, and my worke to thy faour.

*Thine, as thou art his,*  
Thomas Watson.



John Lyly to the Authour his friend.

**M***Y good friend, I haue read your new passions, and they haue renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no lesse delight, thē they haue done to your selfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about serious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too busie had beene wanton: such is the nature of persuading pleasure, that it melteth the marrowe before it scorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of Ieat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the flesh, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.*

*And whereas you desire to haue my opinion, you may imagine that my stomake is rather cloyed, then queſie, & therefore mine appetite of lesse force thē mine affection, fearing rather a surfet of sweetenes, then desiring a satiffying. The repeating of Loue, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but serching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad scarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and loose stringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of steele, where I framed a plot of wax.*

*Whereby I noted that young swannes are grey, & the olde white, youg trees tender, & the old tough, young mē amorous, & growing in yeeres, either wiser or warier. The Corall in the water is a soft weede, on the land a hard stone: a sworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white snowe: the heart in loue is altogether passionate, but free from desire, altogether carelesse.*

*But it is not my intent to inueigh against loue, which womē account but a bare word, & that mē reuerence as the best God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more superſticious in their praises, thē womē are*



*constant*

*constant in their passions: Loue woul deither shortly be worne out of vse, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I cā cōdemne none but by cōiecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet suspicion is as free as thought, and as farre as I see as necessary, as credulitie.*

*Touching your Mistres I must needes thinke well, seeing you haue written so well, but as false glasses shewe the fairest faces, so fine gloses amēd the baddest fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearesay not by sight, and Lysippus engraued Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proueth men to be of greater affection then iudgement. But in that so aptly you haue varied vppon women, I will not vary from you, for confesse I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, & that women would be more constant if men were more wise. And seeing you haue vsed mee so friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you pryue to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde see, for that my fancies being neuer so crooked he woulde put thē in streight lines, vnfit for my humor, necessarie for his art, who setteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as seeing.*

*Farewell.*



Authoris ad Libellum  
*suum Protrepticon.*

**V** Ade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbē,  
Nec nugas iacta parue libelle tuas.  
Si quis Aristarchus mordaci læserit ore,  
Culparum causas ingeniosus habe.  
Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,  
Non ambire tuas laurea ferta comas.  
Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra solutis,  
Ex animo nomen dic cecidisse tibi.  
Forfitan intrabis nostræ sacraria Diuæ,  
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rosis,  
Quæ Cybele cæli nostri; quæ gloria regni  
Vnica; quæque sui sola Sybilla soli;  
Quæ vatum lima est; quæ doctis doctior ipsa;  
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;  
Quæ superat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;  
Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla satis,  
Illa tuos sancto si spectet lumine rithmos,  
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?  
Tu sed stratus humi, supplex amplectere plantas,  
Cuius erit vili pondere læsa manus.  
Hic tamen, hic moneo, né speres tanta futura;  
Attica non auris murmura vana probat.  
Hic quoque seu subeas Sydnæi, siue Dyeri  
Scrinia, quæ Musis area bina patet;



*Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,  
 Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu ;  
 Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur  
 Virtute et vera nobilitate sua.  
 Indè serenato vultu te mitis uterque  
 Perleget, et nœuos condet uterque tuos.  
 Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecla,  
 Officij semper sit tibi cura tui.  
 Tùm fortasse pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum,  
 Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocosa serent.  
 Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miseretur amantis,  
 Sic crepita folijs, ut gemuisse putet.  
 Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes,  
 Dic tu, mentito me tepuisse foco ;  
 Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce sigillum,  
 Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque suum.  
 Taliter efficies, ut amet te candida turba,  
 Forsan & Autoris palma futura tui.  
 Viue libelle, precor, Domino fœlicior ipso,  
 Quem sine demerito fors inopina premit :  
 Denique, (si visum fuerit) dic montis in alto  
 Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.*





A Quatorzain , in the com-  
*mendation of Master Thomas*

Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom  
he wrote this Booke of Pafsionat  
*Sonnetes.*

**T**he starr's, which did at Petrarch's byrthday raigne,  
Were first againe at thy natiuity,  
Destening thee the Thuscan's poesie,  
Who skald the skies in lofty Quatorzain,  
The Muses gaue to thee thy fatall baine,  
The very same, that Petrarch had, whereby  
Madonna Laures fame is growne so hy,  
And that whereby his glory he did gaine.  
Thou hast a Laure, whom well thou dost commend,  
And to her praise thy pafsion songs do tend ;  
See both such praise deserue, as naught can smother ;  
In byefe with Petrarch and his Laure in grace  
Thou and thy Dame be equall, saue percase  
Thou passe the one, and sheercell's the other.

G. Bucke.

*To the Authour.*

**T**hy booke beginning sweete and ending lowre,  
Deere friend, betrayes thy false successe in loue,  
Where smiling first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,  
When thou did'st hope her curtesie to proue ;  
And finding thy expected lucke to fayle,  
Thou falst from praise, and dost begin to rayle.  
To vse great tearmes in praise of thy deuise,  
I thinke were vaine : therefore I leaue them out ;  
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise  
Hath put that needeles question out of doubt :  
Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou hast wrought,  
My iudgement I referre vnto thy thought.

T. Acheley.

An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning  
this Authour.

**Y**ou sacred Nymphes, Apolloes sisters faire,  
Daughters of Ioue, parentes of rare deuise,  
Why take you no delight in change of ayre?  
Is Helicon your onely paradise?  
Hath Britan soyle no hill, no heath, no well,  
No wood, no wit, wherein you list to dwell?  
Ladies voutsafe with patience once to viewe  
Our liuely Springs, high hills, and pleasaunte shades,  
And as you like the seat and countries hewe,  
Pitche downe your tentes, and vse your sporting trades:  
Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde  
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.  
Loe Watson prest to entertaine your powre  
In pleasante Springs of flowing wit, and skill:  
If you esteeme the pleasures of his bower,  
Let Britan heare your Spring, your groue and hill,  
That it hence forth may of your fauour boast,  
And him, whome first you heere voutsafe for boast.

C. Downhalus.

Eiusdem aliud de  
Authore.

**G**raciâ permultos peperit fecunda poetas,  
Quorum lapsa diu sæcula, fama manet.  
Ausonia Argolicæ tellus post æmula laudis  
Transtulit in Latios doctum Heliconæ sinus.  
Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poesin,  
Inque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.  
Galica Parnasso cæpit ditescere lingua,  
Ronsardique operis Luxuriare nouis.  
Sola quid interea nullum parisi Angliæ vatem?  
Versifices multi, nemo poëta tibi est.  
Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hætenus arte:  
Forsan & hic merces defit vtrique sua.  
Ingenio tandem præstans Watsonus, & arte,  
Pieridas docuit verba Britannia loqui.  
Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem,  
Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert,  
Iste tuus labor est, lucrum est Watsonæ, tuorum;  
Et tua, ne defint præmia, Laurus erit.

**I** T's seldome scene that Merite hath his due,  
Or els Dezerte to find his iust desire:  
For nowe Reproofe with his defacing crewe  
Treades vnderfoote that rightly should aspyre:  
Milde Industrie discourag'd hides his face,  
And thuns the light, in feare to meete Disgrace.  
Seld scene said I (yet alwaies scene with some)  
That Merite gains good will, a golden hyre,  
With whome Reproofe is cast aside for scumme;  
„ That growes apace that vertue helps t'aspire;  
And Industrie well chearish't to his face  
In sunshine walkes, in spight of lowze Disgrace.  
This fauour hath put life into the pen,  
That heere presentes his first fruite in this kinde:  
He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then;  
Perchaunce some better worke doth stay behinde.  
My censure is, which reading you shall see,  
A Pythy, sweete, and cunning poeise.  
M. Roydon.

*To the Authour.*

**I** f grauer headdes shall count it ouerlight,  
To treat of Loue: say thou to them: A staine  
Is incident vnto the finest dye.  
And yet no staine at all it is for thee,  
These layes of Loue, as myrrh to melancholy,  
To followe fast thy lad Antigone,  
Which may beare out a broader worke then this,  
Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte.  
And shrowde thee vnder shadowe of his winges,  
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning freight  
Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.  
G. Peele.



A Quatorzain of the Au-  
thour vnto this his booke  
of Louepassi-  
ons.

**M** little booke goe hie thee hence away,  
Whose price ( God know's ) will counterbaile no parte  
Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte :  
And yet I loy thy byrth. But hence I say,  
Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye ;  
For thou thy selfe arte like the deadly dart,  
Which hied thy byrth from out my wounded hart.  
But still obserue this rule where ere thou staye,  
In all thou mai'st tender thy fathers fame,  
„ Bad is the Bird, that fleth his owne nest.  
If thou be much mistik't, They are to blame,  
Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill worst :  
Or els confesse, A Toye to be thy name ;  
„ This trifling world A Toye becometh best.





I.

The Author in this Pafsion taketh but occafion to open his eftate in loue; the miserable accidentes whereof are fufficiently described hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuifes: & whereas in this Sonnet he feemeth one while to defpaire, and yet by & by after to haue fome hope of good fucceffe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature & true qualitie of a loue pafsion bee well confidered. And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long fince, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue feene and perufed it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which caufeth him as yet to keepe it backe from the printe.

**W**ELL fare the life fometimes I ledde ere this,  
When yet no downy heare yclad my face:  
my heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliffe,  
my thoughts were free in euery time & place:  
But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,  
My wonted ioyes are turning to defpaire.  
Where then I liu'd without controule or checke,  
An other now is miftres of my minde,  
Cupid hath clapt a yoke vpon my necke,  
Under whose waighte I liue in feruile kinde:  
I now cry creake, that ere I scorned loue,  
Whose might is more then other Gods aboute.  
I haue affaide by labour to elchewe  
What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,  
But neartheleffe my thought reuiues anew,  
Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite:  
Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,  
In whome as yet I find no fault at all.  
A

In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a case the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) seperated from his owne body, & remoued into a darksome and solitarie wildernes of woes. The cōueyance of his inuention is plaine & pleasant enough of it selfe, and therefore needeth the lesse annotation before it.

**M**Y harte is sett him downe twixt hope & feares  
 Upon the stonie banke of high desire,  
 To view his own made flud of blubbering teares  
 Whose waues are bitter salt, and hote as fire:  
 There blowes no blast of wind but ghostly groanes  
 Nor waues make other noyse then pitious moanes  
 As life were spent he waiteth Charons boate,  
 And thinkes he dwells on side of Stigian lake:  
 But blacke despaire some times with open throate,  
 Or spightfull Ielousie doth cause him quake,  
 With howlinge shrikes on him they call and crie  
 That he as yet shall nether liue nor die:  
 Thus voyde of helpe he sittes in heauie case,  
 And wanteth voyce to make his iust complaint.  
 No floure but Hiacynth in all the place,  
 No sunne comes there, nor any heau'nly sainte,  
 But onely shee, which in him selfe remaines,  
 And ioyes her ease though he abound in paines.





III.

This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue separated from his bodie miraculouſlie, and againſt nature, to follow his miſtreſſe, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchaſe in the end her loue and fauour, and by that meanes to make him ſelfe all one with her owne hearte.

**S**peake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?  
 W<sup>h</sup>er, whose birth the heauens themſelues haue bleſt.  
 What doſt thou there? Sometimes behold her face,  
 And lodge ſometimes within her criſtall breaſt:  
 She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?  
 Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.  
 With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?  
 If I returne, wee both ſhall die for grieſe:  
 If ſtill thou ſtaye, what good ſhall growe thereby?  
 Ile moue her heart to purchaſe thy reliefe:  
 What if her heart be hard, & ſtop his eares?  
 Ile ſigh aloud, & make him ſoft with teares:  
 If that preuaile, wilt thou returne from thence?  
 Not I alone, her heart ſhall come with mee:  
 Then will you both liue vnder my defence?  
 So long as life will let vs both agree:  
 Why then diſpaire, goe packe thee hence away,  
 I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.



A a



I I I I.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet standeth vppon the rehearfall of such thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour sometime wrote these three Latine verses.

*Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,  
Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rosa, Myrtus, & insula Cyprus,  
Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hæc sunt omnia sacra.*

And *Forcatulus* the French Poet wrote vppon the same particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

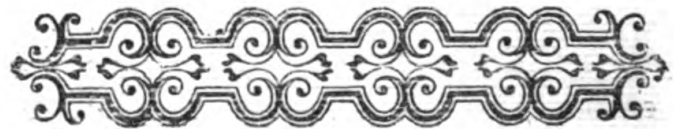
*Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores  
Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba præit.  
Igniferum cæli præ cunctis diligit astris  
Hesperon, Idalium sæpè adit vna nemus. &c.*

\* Paris.

**S**weete Venus if as nowe thou stand my friende,  
As once thou didst vnto Kinge \* Priams sonne,  
My ioyfull muse shall neuer make an end  
Of praiuing thee, and all that thou hast done:  
For this my penne shall euer cease to write  
Of ought, wherein sweete Venus takes delite.

\* Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes  
Shall set aside Apolloes Lawrell tree,  
As did \* Anchises sonne, when both his wyues  
With Myrtle hee beset, to honour thee:  
Then will I say, the Rose of flowres is best,  
And siluer Dooues for birdes excell the rest.  
He praise no starre but Hesperus alone,  
For any hill but Erycinus mounte,  
For any woodde but Idaly alone,  
For any spring but Acidalian founte,  
For any land but onely Cyprus shoare,  
For Gods but Loue, & what would Venus more?



V.

All this Pafsion (two verses only excepted) is wholly translated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

*S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i sento?*  
*Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale?*  
*Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro e mortale?*  
*Se ria, ond'è sì dolce ogni tormento?*

Part. prima }  
 Sonet. 103. }

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely exprefsed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that sense, which *Chawcer* vseth in translating the selfe same: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

**I**f't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?  
 If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?  
 If good, how chance he hurtes so many men?  
 If bad, how happ's that none his hurtes disproue?  
 If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?  
 If gainst my will, what sorow will auaille?

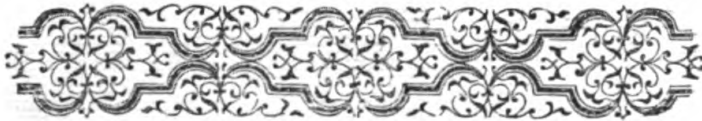
O liuesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,  
 Against my minde how can thy might preuaile?

If I bend backe, and but reftaine my will,  
 If I consent, I doe not well to waile;

And touching him, whome will hath made a slaue,  
 The Proverbe saith of olde, *Selfe doe, selfe haue.*

Thus heeing tost with windes of sundry sorte  
 Through daung'rous Seas but in a slender Boat,  
 With error stult, and dzu'n beside the porte,  
 Where void of wisdomes freight it lies afloate,  
 I waue in doubt what helpe I shall require,  
 In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

{ Adduntur  
 Tuscano  
 hij duo-  
 versus.



VI.

This pafsion is a tranflation into latine of the felfe fame fonnet of *Petrarch* which you red laftly alleaged, and commeth fomwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrafe thē the Englifh doth. The Author whē he tranflated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him felfe fo farre, as to thruft in foote amongft our englifh Poets. But beinge bufied in tranflating *Petrarch* his fonnets into latin new clothed this amōgft many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And becaufe it befit-teth this place, he is content you furuey it here as a probable figne of his dayly fufferance in loue.

**H** *Oc fi non fit amor, quod perſentifco, quid ergo eſt?*  
*Si fit amor, tum quid fit amor qualifque rogandum:*  
*Si bonus eſt, vnde effectus producit acerboſ?*  
*Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?*  
*Sique volens vrer, quæ tanti cauſa doloris?*  
*Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?*  
*O læthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,*  
*Quæ ſic me ſuperes, tibi ſi concedere nolim?*  
*Et me ſi patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?*  
*Aduerſis rapior ventis, nulloque magiſtro,*  
*Per maris effuſi fluctus, in puppe caduca,*  
*Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata eſt,*  
*Ipfus vt ignorem de me quid dicere poſſim:*  
*Frigeo, dum media eſt æſtas; dum bruma, caleſco.*



VII.

This passion of loue is liuely expressed by the Author, in that he lauishlie praiseth the person and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after another as they lie in order. He partly imitateth here in *Aeneas Siluius*, who setteth downe the like in describing *Lucretia* the loue of *Euryalus*; & partly he followeth *Ariosto cant. 7.* where he describeth *Alcina*: & partly borroweth from some others where they describe the famous *Helen of Greece*: you may therefore, if you please aptlie call this sonnet as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Christened it *ἄνη παραστικῆ*.

**H**Arke you that list to heare what sainte I serue:  
 Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde;  
 Her sparkeling eyes in heau'n a place deserue;  
 Her forehead high and faire of comely mould;  
 Her wordes are musicke all of siluer sounde;  
 Her wit so sharpe as like can scarce be found:  
 Each eybrowe hanges like Iris in the skies;  
 Her Eagles nose is straight of stately frame;  
 On either cheeke a Rose and Lillie lies;  
 Her breath is sweete perfume, or hollie flame:  
 Her lips more red then any Corall stone;  
 Her necke more white, then aged \* Swans y<sup>t</sup> mone;  
 Her brest transparent is, like Christall rocke;  
 Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute;  
 Her slipper such as \* Momus dare not mocke;  
 Her vertues all so great as make me mute:  
 What other partes she hath I neede not say,  
 Whose face alone is cause of my decaye.

" Nafus Aquilin<sup>9</sup> ex Perfarū opinione maiestatem personæ arguit.  
 \* Quale suo recinit funere carmen Olor, Strozza. & vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib. 10. nat. hist. cap. 23.  
 \* Vide Chiliad. 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasmi. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.



VIII.

*Actæon* for espying *Diana* as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as *Ouid* describeth at large *lib. 3. Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

*Fama est, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris  
Supplicium lueret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ,  
Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem  
Per freta Aristæum. &c.*

The Author alluding in al this Pafsion vnto the fault of *Actæon*, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, fetteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his banishment, when in an other sence hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe, being exiled (as it should seeme) for hauing at vnawares taken *Cæsar* in some great fault: for thus hee writeth.

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.  
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,  
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.*

**A**ctæon lost in middle of his sport  
Both shape and life, for looking but a wy,  
Diana was afraid he would report  
What secretes he had seene in passing by:  
To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt haue I  
By viewing her, for whome I dayly die;  
I leese my woonted shape, in that my minde  
Doth suffer wracke vpon the stonie rocke  
Of her disdain, who contrary to kinde  
Doth beare a brest more harde then any stocke;  
And former forme of limmes is changed quite  
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.  
I leese my life in that each secret thought,  
Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard,  
Doth make me say, that life auaileth nought  
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward:  
I dare not name the Nymph that works my smart,  
Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

*Clytia* (as *Perottus* witnesseth) was a glorious Nymph, and thereof had her name: for κλέος in greeke signifieth glorie: and therefore she aspired to be the loue of *Sol* him selfe, who præferring *Leucothoe* before her, she was in short space ouergonne with such extremitie of care, that by compassion of the Gods shee was transformed into a *Marigolde*; which is significantlie called *Heliotropium*, because euen nowe after change of forme shee still obserueth the rising and going downe of hir beloved the sunne, as *Ouid* mentioneth,

*Flla suum, quamuis radice tenetur,  
Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque seruat amorem.*

Metam. lib. 4.

And by this it maie easilie bee ghesse, whie in this passion the Authour compareth him selfe with the *Marigold*, and his loue vnto the *Sunne*.

**T**he Marigold so likes the louely Sunne,  
That when he setteth the other hides her face,  
And when he ginnes his morning course to runne,  
She spreades abroad, & shoves her greatest grace:  
So shuts or sprouts my ioy, as doth this flow'ze,  
When my Sheefune doth either laugh or lowze.  
When thee departes my sight, I die for paine,  
In closing vp my hearte with cloudie care;  
And yet when once I biewe her face againe,  
I streight reuiue, and loye my wonted fare:  
Therewith my heart ofte saies, when all is done,  
That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter sunne.  
A iealous thought yet putteth my minde in feare,  
Lest Ioue him selfe descending from his throne  
Shoulde take by stealth and place her in his spheare,  
Or in some higher globe to rule alone:  
Which if he should, the heau'ns might boast their  
But I (alas) might curse y<sup>t</sup> dismall day. (praye  
B



The Authour hath made two or three other passions vpon this matter that is heere contained, aluding to the losse of his sight and life since the time he first beheld her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindnesse of *Tyresias* to proceed of an other cause, then he doth in those his other Sonnettes. And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater sorte of Poets, but vnto some fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written also, as followeth ;

*Baculum dat deinde petentem  
Tyresiaæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam  
vidit, & hoc raptam pensauit munere lucem.  
Suetus in offensos baculo duce tendere gressus  
Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instincta furore  
Ora mouet, tantique parat solatia damni.*

\* Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius lib. 11. natur. hist. c. 36.

**M**ine \* eyes dye first, which last enjoyed life,  
Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light  
Of such a blazing starre as kindeleth strife  
Within my brest as well by day as night:  
And yet no poplned Cockatrice lurk't there,  
Her vertuous beames dissuade such foolish  
Besides, I liue as yet; though blinded nowe (feare.  
Like him, that sawe Mineruaes naked side,  
And lost his sight (poore soule) not knowing howe;  
Or like to him, whome euill chance betide,  
In straying farre to light vpon that place,  
Where midst a fount he founde Dianaes grace.  
But he alone, who Polyphemus hight,  
Crewe patterne was of me and all my woe,  
Of all the rest that euer lost their sight:  
For being blinde, yet loue possest him so,  
That he each how'z on eu'ry dale and hill  
Sung songes of loue to \* Galatæa still.

\* Galatæa was a water Nymph and daughter to old Nereus.

X I.

In this sonnet is couertly set forth, how pleasaunt a passiō the Author one day enioyed, whē by chance he ouerharde his mistris, whilst she was singinge priuately by her selfe: And sone after into howe sorrowfull a dumpe, or founden extasie he fell, when vpon the first sight of him she abruptlie finished her song and melodie.

**O** Goulden bird and Phenix of our age,  
 whose sweete records and more then earthly voice  
 By wondrous force did then my grieke all wage  
 When nothing els could make my heart reioyce,  
 Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end,  
 If thou hadst knowen how much they stood my friend.  
 When silence dyound the latter warbling noate,  
 A lowden greife eclipst my former ioye,  
 My life it selfe in calling Carons boate  
 Did sigh, and say, that pleasure brought annoy;  
 And blam'd mine eare for listning to the sound  
 Of such a songe, as had increast my wound.  
 My heauie heart remembring what was past  
 Did sorowe more then any tounge can tell;  
 As did the damned soules that stooode agast,  
 when Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:  
 Yet who would think, that Musike which is swete,  
 In curing paines could cause delites to fleete?



B 2



XII.

The subiect of this passion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour somewhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the singularitie of her voyce, & her wonderfull arte in vse & moderation of the same. But moreouer, in this sōnet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his mistris sing, his affection towards her by that meanes was more vehemētly kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

\* Sic methym-  
næo gauifus  
Arione Del-  
phin, Martial.  
lib. 8.  
\* Confurgen-  
te freto cedit  
Lyra Cyllenæa  
Ruff. Fest.

**I** Meruaile I, why poets heretofore  
 Told \* Arions harp, or Mercuries,  
 Although the one did bringe a fish to shoare,  
 And th'other as a \* signe adorn'd the skies.  
 If they with me had hard an Angells voice,  
 They would vnlay them selues, and praise my choise.  
 Not Philomela now deserues the price,  
 Though sweetely she recount her cause of moane:  
 Nor Phæbus arte in musicall deuise,  
 Although his lute and voyce accord in one;  
*Musicke her self, and all the muses nine,*  
 For skil or voyce their titles may resigne.  
 O bitter sweete, or hunny mixt with gall,  
 My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight,  
 Myne eares well pleas'd with tewnes, yet deff with all:  
 Through musicks helpe loue hath increast his might;  
 I stoppe mine eares as wise Vlisses had,  
 But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.



XIII.

The Authour descanteth on forward vpon the late effect, which the song of his Mistres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this passion after he hath set downe some miraculous good effectes of Musicke, hee falleth into question with him selfe, what should be the cause, why the sweete melodie of his Mistres shoulde so much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of musicall harmonie.

**E** Sclepiad did cure with trumpets sounde  
Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:  
And many such as in their drinke lay drownd  
Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight:  
And Theophrast when ought his minde opprest,  
W'd musickes helpe to bring him selfe to rest:  
With sounde of harpe Thales did make recure  
Of such as lay with pestilence forlorne:  
With Organ pipes Xenocrates made pure  
Theire wits, whose mindes long Lunacy had worne:  
Howe comes it then, that musick in my minde  
Enforceth cause of hurt against her kinde?  
For since I heard a secret heau'nly song,  
Loue hath so wrought by vertue of conceite,  
That I shall pine vpon supposed wrong  
Unlesse thee yeelde, that did mee such deceit:  
O eares now desse, O wits all drownd in cares,  
O heart surpris'd with plagues at vnawares.



XIIII.

The Authour still purfuing his inuention vpon the fong of his Miftres, in the laft ftaffe of this fonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whileft he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that *Apollo* him felfe had beene at hand, Loue efping a time of aduantage, transformed him felfe into the fubftance of aier, and fo deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and defire, and nowe by mayne force ftill holdeth his poffeffion.

**S**ome that repozte great Alexanders life,  
 They fay, that harmonie fo mou'd his mind,  
 That oft he roafe from meat to warlike ftrife  
 At founde of Trumpe, or noyle of battle kind,  
 And then, that muickes force of fofter vaine  
 Caul'd him returne from ftrokes to meat againe.  
 And as for me, I thinke it nothing ftrange,  
 That muick hauing birth from heau'ns aboue,  
 By diuers tunes can make the minde to change:  
 For I my felfe in hearing my Sweete Loue,  
 By vertue of her fong both taffed grieft,  
 And fuch delight, as yeelded fome relieft.  
 When firft I gan to giue attentiu eare,  
 Thinking Apolloes voice did haunte the place,  
 I little thought my Lady had beene there:  
 But whileft mine eares lay open in this cafe,  
 Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will,  
 And nowe perforce doth keepe poffeffion ftill.



XV.

Still hee followeth on with further deuise vppon the late Melodie of his Mistres: & in this sonnet doth namelie preferre her before *Musicke* her selfe, and all the three *Graces*; affirming, if either he, or els *Apollo* bee ordeined a iudge to giue sentence of their desertes on either side, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize a-waie.

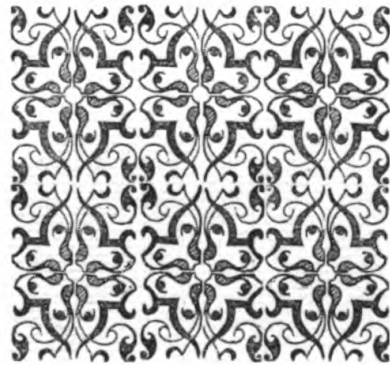
**N**Owe Musicke hysde thy face or blush for shame,  
 Since thou hast heard hir skill & warbling voice,  
 Who far beefore thy selfe deseru's thy name,  
 And for a Science should bee had in choise:  
 Or if thou still thy title wilt retaine,  
 Equall hir song with helpe of all thy traine.  
 But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde  
 Thy place to her, to whom the price belongses,  
 Then after strife to leese both fame and field.  
 For though rude Satyres like of Marsias longes,  
 And Choridon esteeme his oaten quill:  
 Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill.  
 Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three,  
 And each of them let sing hir song apart,  
 And who doth best twill soone appeare by mee,  
 When she shall make replie which rules my heart:  
 Or if you needes will make Apollo iudge,  
 So sure I am to winne I neede not grudge.



XVI.

In this passion the Authour vpon the late sweete song of his Mistres, maketh her his birde; & therewithall partlie describeth her worthines, & partlie his owne estate. The one parte he sheweth, by the colour of her feathers, by her statelie minde, and by that souereintie which she hath ouer him: the other, by description of his delight in her companie, and her strangenes, & drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his seruice.

**M**Y gentle birde, which sung so sweete of late,  
 is not like those, that flie about by kinde,  
 Her feathers are of golde, shee wantes a mate,  
 and knowing wel her woorth, is proud of mind:  
 And wheras som do keepe their birds in cage,  
 My bird keepes mee, & rules me as hir page.  
 She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight,  
 Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy,  
 Wherence I thinke my seruitude but light,  
 Although in deede I suffer great annoy:  
 And (sure) it is but reason, I suppose,  
 He feeles the picke, that seekes to pluck the Rose.  
 And who so mad, as woulde not with his will  
 Leese libertie and life to heare her sing,  
 Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill  
 Elisian fieldes, where growes eternall spring?  
 If mightie Ioue should heare what I haue hard,  
 She (sure) were his, and all my market marde.

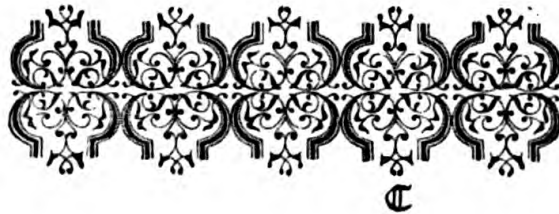


XVII.

The Author not yet hauing forgotten the songe of his mistres, maketh her in this passion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no lesse acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife causes why *Sol* shoulde fauour hir, he accounteth to be these two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in musike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an especiall cheife patrone, and sometimes the only author or giuer of the fame.

**Y**f Poets haue done well in times long past,  
 To glose on trisling toyes of little price :  
 Why should not I presume to saine as fast,  
 Copping forth a ground of good deuise ?  
 A Sacred Nymph is ground whereon ile write,  
 The fairest Nymph that euer yet saw light.  
 And since her song hathild mine eares with ioye,  
 Hir vertues pleat'd my minde, hir face mine eye,  
 I dare affirme what some will thinke a toy,  
 She Phoenix is, though not of Arabie ;  
 And yet the plumies about hir neck are bright,  
 And Sol him selke in her hath chiefe delight.  
 You that will know why Sol asoordes her loue,  
 Seeke but the cause why Peacocks draw the place,  
 Where Iuno sits ; why Venus likes the Doue ;  
 Or why the Owle befitts Mineruaes grace ;  
 Then yf you grudge, that she to Sol belonge,  
 Marke but hir face, and heare hir skill in songe.

Vide Plinium  
 natur. hist.  
 lib. 10 cap. 2.





XVIII.

This sonnet is perfectly pathetical, and consisteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first cōteyneth an accusatiō of Loue for his hurtfull effects & vsuall tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Authors euill words, by casting the same vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so lauishly powred forth in fowle speaches.

**L**oue is a sotor delight; a sugred greeke;  
 A liuinge death; an euerdying life;  
 A breache of Reasons lawe; a secret theefe;  
 A sea of teares; an euerlasting strife;  
     A bayte for fooles; a scourge of noble witts;  
     A Deadly wound; a thotte which euer hits.  
 Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye;  
 A Labyrinth of dowbts; an ydle lust;  
 A slaue to Beawties will; a witles toy;  
 A rauening bird; a tyraunt most vniust;  
     A burning heate; A cold; a flatteringe foe;  
     A puiate hell; a very world of woe.  
 Yet mightie Loue regard not what I saye,  
 Which lye in traunce hereft of all my witts,  
 But blame the light that leades me thus astraye,  
 And makes my tongue blasphemous by frantike fitts.  
 Yet hurt her not, lest I susseyne the smart,  
 which am content to lodge her in my heart.



XIX.

The Author in this pafsion reproveth the vsuall description of loue, which olde Poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe (as they fay) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe & arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whē he hath faid al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the fecret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long & tedious courfe of time in his feruice.

**I**f Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,  
 How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might?  
 If blind; how chance so many to their paine,  
 Whom he hath hitte, can witnesse of his sight?  
 If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him best,  
 How happes he lurketh still within my brest?  
 If bowe and shaftes should be his chiefest tooles,  
 Why doth he set so many heartes on fire?  
 If he were madde, how could he further fooles  
 To whet their wits, as place and time require?  
 If wise, how could so many leeze their wittes,  
 Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?  
 If naked still he wander too and froe,  
 How doth not Sunne or frost offend his skinne?  
 If that a God he be, how falles it so,  
 That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?  
 O wondrous thing, that I, whom Loue hath spent,  
 Can scarcely knowe him self, or his intent.



In this passion the Authour being ioyfull for a kisse, which he had receiued of his *Loue*, compareth the same vnto that kisse, which sometime *Venus* bestowed vpon *Aesculapius*, for hauing taken a Bramble out of her foote, which pricked her through the hidden spitefull deceyte of *Diana*, by whom it was laied in her way, as *Strozza* writeth. And hee enlargeth his inuention vppon the french prouerbiall speech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the first argueth a mans life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his loue.

**I**n time long past, when in Dianaes chase  
 A bramble bush pyckt Venus in the foote,  
 Olde *Aesculapius* healpt her heauie case  
 Befoze the hurt had taken any roote:  
 Wherehence although his beard were crisping hard  
 She yeelded him a kisse for his rewarde.  
 My lucke was like to his this other day,  
 When she, whom I on earth do worship most,  
 In kising me vouchsafed thus to say,  
 Take this for once, and make thereof no bolt:  
 \*Forthwith my heart gaue signe of ioye by kippes,  
 As though our soules had ioynd by ioyning lippes.  
 And since that time I thought it not amisse  
 To iudge which were the best of all these thre;  
 Her breath, her speech, or that her daintie kisse,  
 And (sure) of all the kisse best liked me:  
 For that was it, which did reuiue my hart  
 Opprest and almost deade with dayly smart.

\* Siquidē opi-  
 nati sunt aliqui,  
 in osculo fieri  
 animarum  
 cōbinationē.



X X I.

In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth *Petrarch, Sonetto 211.*

*Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura  
El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, &c.*

And the very like sence hath *Seraphine* in one of his *Strambotti*, where he beginneth thus,

*Chi vuol ueder gran cose altiere & nuoue,  
Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:  
Doue gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. &c.*

**W**ho list to betwe dame Natures cunning skil,  
And see what heau'n hath added to the same,  
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill  
On her apale, whose gifts exceed y<sup>e</sup> trump of fame:  
But let him come a pale before the eye  
From hence, to fixe her seate aboute the skye.

By Iunoes gift she beares a stately grace,  
Pallas hath placed skill amidd't her brest;  
Venus her selfe doth dwell within her face;  
Alas I fain to thinke of all the rest;

And shall I tell wherewith I most haue warres?  
with those her eyes, which are two heau'nly starres.  
Theire beames drawe forth by great attractiue power  
By moistned hart, whose force is yet so small,  
That shine they bright, or list they but to lowze,  
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,

\* But sobbes, and sighes, and saith I am vndonne;  
No bird but Ioues can looke against the sunne.

\* Vide Plin.  
nat. hist. lib. 10.  
cap. 3. et lib. 29  
cap. 6. qui de  
hac re mutua-  
tur ex Aristot-  
telis historia.  
Porrò vide Se-  
raphinum so-  
net. 1. vbi de  
aquila suisque  
pullis per cõ-  
parationem  
legantissimè  
canit.



Ⓒ 3

X X I I.

The substance of this passion is taken out of *Seraphine* sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

*Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra  
Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;  
Di che fusti creato? d'un ardore,  
Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e serra &c.*

But the Author hath in this translation inuerted the order of some verses of *Seraphine*, and added the two last of himselfe to make the rest to seeme the more patheticall.

**W**hen werte thou borne sweet Loue? who was thy  
 When Flora first adorn'd Dame Tellus lap, (fire?  
 Then sprung I forth from Wanton hote desire:  
 Who was thy nurse to feede thee first with pap?  
 Youth first with tender hand bound vp my heade,  
 Then saide, with Lookes alone I should be fed;  
 What maides had she attendant on her side,  
 To playe, to singe, to rocke thee fast a sleepe?  
 Vaine Niceness, Beautie Faire, and Pompous Pride;  
 By stealth when further age on thee did creepe;  
 Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?  
 In Willing Hartes, which were of gentle race;  
 What is't wherewith thou wagest warres with me?  
 Feare colde as Ice, and Hope as hote as fire;  
 And can not age or death make end of thee?  
 No, no, my dying life still makes retire;  
 Why then sweete Loue take pittie on my paine,  
 Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe.



XXIII.

The Author in this passion wisheth he were in like estate and condition with the *Looking Glasse* of his mistres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire aspect. And in the last stasse he alludeth somewhat to the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he vseth these wordes, in writing vpon the *Glasse* of his beloued.

*Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco  
Quando è dal Sol percosso in qualche parte,  
E'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco  
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarto &c.*

**T**hou Glasse, wherein that Sunne delightes to see  
Her own aspect, whose beams haue d'ride my hart,  
Would God I might possesse like state with thee,  
And ioy some ease to quail my bitter smart:  
Thou gazest on her face, and she on thine;  
I see not hers, nor she will looke on mine.  
Once hauing lookt her fill, she turnes thee froe,  
And leaues thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content;  
But carelesse of my cares, will I or noe,  
Still dwels within my breast with teares besprent;  
And yet my hart to her is such a thrall,  
That she driu'n out, my life departs withall.  
But thou deceitfull Glasse (I feare) with guyle  
Hast wrought my woes to shield thy selfe from ill,  
Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile,  
And burnt my tender brest against my will:  
For Christall from it selfe reflectes the Sunne,  
And eyes his coate, which knows not how tis done.



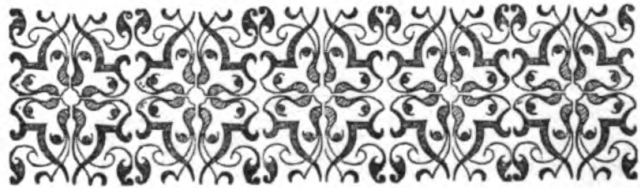


XXIII.

*Scraphine* in his *Strambotti* hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglasse of his Mistres: wherhence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of an other. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that *Cupid* shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Mistres, did so wounde him with loue and desire, that nowe he is past all recure by any phisicke, and therefore is faine to vse the olde verfe.

*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

**T**hou glasse, wherein my Dame hath such delight,  
 As when she braues, then most on thee to gaze,  
 I maruel howe her beames that are so bright  
 Do neuer cause thy brittle sides to craze:  
 Thou should'st by reason mealt or easly breake  
 To feele such force, thy substance being weake.  
 For when she first with seeming stately grace  
 Bestowd on me a louing sweete regard,  
 The beames, which then proceeded from her face  
 Were such, as for the same I found no warde,  
 But needes perforce I must become content  
 To mealt in minde till all my wittes were spent.  
 And therewithall Cupido plaid his part,  
 He shotte a shaft throughout her chrystall eyes,  
 Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart:  
 And this is cause my panting heart still cries,  
 I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue,  
 No herbe doth growe whose vertue cureth loue.



X X V.

It is to be considered in reading this Pafsion, howe in fome answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward pafsion of *Loue*, is contraried by the replies of *Echo*: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainfay him, as to expresse her owne miserable estate in daily cōsuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narcissus*; whose vnkindnes *Ouid* describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo*. Lib. 3. Metamorph.

*Author.* I In all this world I thinke none lou's but I.  
*Echo.* I None lou's but I. *Auth.* Thou foolish tattling ghest,  
 In this thou tellst a lie. *Echo.* thou tellst a lie.  
*Author.* Why? Loue him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.  
*Echo.* He lodgeth in my brest. *Auth.* I pine for grieffe;  
 And yet I want reliefe. *Echo.* I want reliefe.  
*Author.* No starve more faire then she whom I adore.  
*Echo.* Then \* he, whom I adore. *Auth.* Herehence I burne  
 Stil more and more. *Echo.* I burne stil more and more.  
*Author.* Loue, let my heart returne. *Echo.* my heart, returne.  
*Auth.* Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest mone,  
 And whom I loue, but one? *Echo.* I loue but one.  
*Author.* O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of illis?  
*Echo.* In loue no ende of illis. *Auth.* Thou prating voyce,  
 Dwellst thou in th'ayre, or but in hollow hills?  
*Echo.* In hollow hills. *Auth.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.  
*Echo.* Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. *Auth.* I would replie,  
 But here for loue I die. *Echo.* for loue I die.

\* S. Liquef-  
 cens immu-  
 tat sensum.



AD

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him selfe vnto the *Nightingale*, and conferreth his vnhappie estate (for that by no meanes his *Mistresse* will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmonie all those that giue attentiu eare, they conceiue more delight in the musicall varietie of her noates, then they take iust compafsion vpon her distressed heauines.

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull spring  
 Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with flowres,  
 And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing;  
 And louely Nature smiles, and nothing lowres:  
     Then Philomela most doth straine her brest  
     With night-complaints, and sits in litle rest.  
 This Birds estate I may compare with mine,  
 To whom fond loue doth worke such wrongs by day,  
 That in the night my heart must needes repine,  
 And storme with sighes to ease me as I may;  
     Whilst others are becalm'd, or lye them still,  
     Or sayle secure with tide and winde at will.  
 And as all those, which heare this Bird complaine,  
 Conceiue in all her tunes a sweete delight,  
 Without remorse, or pitying her payne:  
 So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,  
 Doth sport her selfe in hearing my complaint;  
 A iust reward for seruing such a Saint.



XXVII.

In the first fixe verses of this Pafsion, the Author hath imitated perfectly fixe verses in an *Ode* of *Ronsard*, which beginneth thus :

*Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux,  
Et malheureux est l'amoureux,  
Mais la misere, &c?*

En son 2. liure  
du Bocage.

And in the last staffe of this Pafsion also he commeth very neere to the sence, which *Ronsard* vseth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Mistresse* in this maner :

*En vens tu baiser Pluton  
La bas, apres che Caron  
T'aura mise en sa nacesse?*

En ses meslan-  
ges.

**V**\* Happy is the wight, thats boide of Loue,  
And yet unhappie he, whom Loue torments,  
But greatest grieffe that man is forc't to proue,  
Whose haughtie Loue not for his loue relents,  
But hoping vp her sayle of proud disdain,  
For seruice done makes no returne of gaine.

\* Hii tres versus  
a *Ronsardo* de-  
scribuntur ex  
*Anacreonte*  
*Græco.*

By this all you, which knowe my tickle state,  
May giue deserued blame to whom I serue,  
And say, that Loue hath miserie to mate,  
Since labour breeds but losse, and lets me sterue :  
For I am he which liues a lasting thrall  
To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.

She hopes (perchance) to liue and flourish still,  
Or els, when Charons boate hath felt her peaze,  
By louing lookes to conquer Plutoes will ;  
But all in vaine : tis not Proserpin's ease :  
She neuer will permit, that any one  
Shall ioy his Loue, but she her selfe alone.



XXVIII.

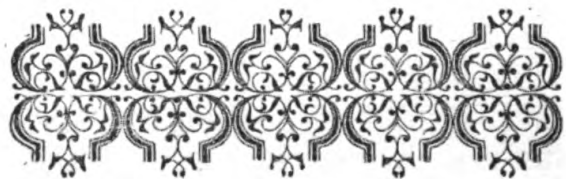
In this Pafsion the Authour doth very bufilie imitate & augment a certaine *Ode* of *Ronsard*, which hee writeth vnto his Miftres ; he beginneth, as followeth,

Au liure des  
fes meflanges.

*Plusieurs de leurs cors denués  
Se font veuz en diuerfe terre  
Miraculeusement mués,  
L'un en Serpent, & l'autre en Pierre,  
L'un en Fleur, l'autre en Arbriffeau,  
L'un en Loup &c?*

**M**Any haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,  
Whose heartes by Loue once quite consum'd away,  
Strangely their shapes were changed by and by,  
One to a Flow'r, an other to a Bay,  
One to a Streame, whose courfe yet maketh mone,  
One to a Doue, an other to a Stone.

But harke my Deere ; if wifhing could pꝛeuaille,  
I would become a Chrif tall Mirrour I,  
Wherein thou might'ft behold what thing I aile :  
Or els I would be chang'd into a Flie,  
To tafk thy cuppe, and being dayly gheft  
At boꝝd and hedde, to kiffe thee mid'ft thy reft ;  
Or I would be Perfume foꝝ thee to burne,  
That with my loffe I might but please thy fmel ;  
Or be fome f acred Spring, to ferue thy turne,  
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell ;  
But woe is me, my wifhing is but vaine,  
Since fate bidds Loue to work my endleffe paine.



The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner fetteth forth the furpassinge worthines of his *Ladie*, reporting her beawtie and forme to be so singuler, that neither *Appelles* can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor *Praxiteles* trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of mettall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto *Virgill* and *Homer* the two *Paragons* of *Poetrye*, if they should but once endeuour to praise her. And the like insufficiencie he sayeth would be found in *Tullie* him selfe, if he should endeuour to commend her. And thē finally he excufeth his owne bould hardines shewed in praying her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in *Loue*, and the earnest desire, which he hath to please.

**S**uch is the Saint, whom I on earth adore,  
 As neuer age shall know when this is past,  
 For euer yet hath like byn scene before:  
 Apelles yet he liu'd would stand agast  
 \*With coulours to set downe her comely face,  
 Who farre excells though Venus were in place.  
 Praxiteles might likewise stand in doute  
 In metall to expresse her forme arighte,  
 Whose praise for shape is blowne the world throughout:  
 For Virgill could so good a verse indite  
 As onely would suffice to tell her name;  
 For Homer with his Muse expresse her fame;  
 Tully, whose speech was boulde in eu'ry cause,  
 If he were here to praise the Saint I serue,  
 The number of her giftes would make him pause,  
 And feare to speake how well she doth deserue.  
 Why then am I thus bould that haue no skill?  
 Entorst by Loue I shew my zealous will.

\* Here he aludeth vnto the pourtraict of Venus which Apelles drew: as Ouid doth lib. 3. de art. a-man. Si Venerem Cois nunquā pinxisset Apelles.





In the first part of this Passion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnrest and hurt for his beloued, then euer did *Læander* for his *Hero*: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently fet forth by *Musæus* the Greeke Poet. In the second part he compareth himselfe with *Pyramus*, and *Hæmon* king *Creons* Sonne of *Thebes*, which were both so true hearted louers, that through Loue they suffered vntimely death, as *Ouid metam. lib. 4.* writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian *Sophocles in Antig.* of the other. In the last, in making comparifon of his paynes in Loue to the paines of *Orpheus* descendinge to hell for his *Eurydice*, he alludeth to those two verses in *Strozza*,  
*Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues,*  
*Cocytus, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, fitis.*

What though Leander swamme in darksome night,  
 Through troubled *Helespont* for Heroes sake;  
 And lost his life by losse of Sestus light?  
 The like or more my selfe do vndertake,  
 When eu'ry howre along the lingring yeare,  
 My ioye is drownde, and hope blowne out with feare.  
 And what though Pyram spent his vitall breath  
 For *Thisbes* sake? or *Hæmon* choate to die  
 To follow his *Antigone* by death?  
 In harder case and worse plight am I,  
 Which loue as they, but liue in dying still,  
 And faine would die, but can not haue my will.  
 We reade that *Orpheus* with his Harpe of golde,  
 For his *Euridice* went downe to hell:  
 The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,  
 Which I endure for her, whose heart is fell;  
 The *Stigian* Curre, the Wheele, the Stone, the Fire,  
 And *Furies* all are plac't in my desire.



X X X I.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Passion, it is of it selfe so plaine, and easlye conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Paetolus*, which perchance they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. *Galaxia* (to omit both the *E-timologie* and what the Philosophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which *Ouid* mentioneth in this manner.

*Est via sublimis caelo manifesta sereno,  
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.*

And *Cicero* thus in *sonnio Scipionis*; *Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter flammis circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.*

*Paetolus* is a riuer in *Lidia*, which hath golden sandes vnder it, as *Tibullus* witnesseth in this verse,

*Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis.*

Tibul. lib. 3.

**W**ho can recount the vertues of my deare,  
 Or say how farre her fame hath taken flight,  
 That can not tell how many starres appeare  
 In part of heau'n, which *Galaxia* hight,  
 Or number all the moates in *Phebus* rayes,  
 Or golden sandes, whereon *Paetolus* playes?  
 And yet my hurts enforce me to confesse,  
 In crystall breast she shewdes a bloudy hart,  
 Which hart in time will make her merits lesse,  
 Unlesse betimes she cure my deadly smart:  
 For nowe my life is double dying still,  
 And she defam'de by susturance of such ill;  
 And till the time she helps me as she may,  
 Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle,  
 But onely suche, as can distinctly say,  
 What Monsters *Nilus* breeds, or *Affricke* Coyle:  
 For if he doe, his labour is but lost,  
 Whilst I both frie and freeze twixt flame and frost.



Eroticon.  
lib. 2.

Here the Authour by fayning a troublesome dreame, exprefeth a full Pafsion of *Loue*. And how focuer some wil confter of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vsuall amongft thofe that haue excelled in the sweeteft vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reft goe) it may please him that is curious to finde fome prefident hereof, to visite but the workes of *Hercules Strozza*, who in his *Somnium* hath writtē fo exquisitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that fhall perufe it with due attention.

**I**f Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his reft,  
I flumbring lay within my reftleffe bedde,  
Till Morpheus bl'd a falſed foary ieſt,  
Preſenting her, by whom I ſtill am ledde:  
For then I thought ſhe came to ende my wo,  
But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing ſo.  
Embracing ayre in ſteed of my delight,  
I blamed Loue as authour of the guile,  
Who with a ſecond ſleepe clozd bp my ſight,  
And ſaid (me thought) that I muſt hide a while  
Ixions paines, whole armes did oft embrace  
Falſe darkned clouds, in ſteed of Iunoes grace.  
When I had laine and flumbrzed thus a while,  
Kewing the dolefull doome that Loue assign'd,  
A woman Saint, which bare an Angels face,  
Bad me awake and eaſe my troubled minde:  
With that I wakt, forgetting what was paſt,  
And ſawe t'was Hope, which helped thus at laſt.



X X X I I I.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Mistres (by the fatall appoyntement of destinie) was from the beginning referued to liue in these times, and to bee the onely gouernesse & subiect of his thoughtes: whereas: if either she had bene borne, when *Paris* was to giue sentence vpon *Ida* for bestowing the Golden Apple; she had (as he suppo- feth) bene preferred before *Iuno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, & more- ouer supplied that place in the loue of kinge *Priams* sonne, whiche *Helen* of *Greece* obtained: or if shee had then liued when *Bacchus* tooke *Ariadne* to wife, she had bene conuayed in her steede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of *Ariadne* called \* *Corona Gnofia* doth shine conti- nuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightsome starres.

\* Cuius ortum & occasū me- morat Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. & c. 31.

W Hen Priams sonne in midst of *Ida* plaine  
 Gave one the price, and other two the soile,  
 If she for whom I still abide in paine  
 Had liued then within the *Troyan* soile,  
 No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,  
 Helen had scaped rape, and *Troy* his fall.  
 Or if my Dame had then enioyed life  
 When *Bacchus* sought for *Ariadnaes* loue,  
 No doubt but she had onely bene his wife,  
 And stowne from hence to sit with Gods aboue:  
 For she exceeds his choise of Create so farre  
 As *Phebus* doth excell a twinckeling starre.  
 But from the first all fates haue thus assign'd,  
 That she should liue in these our latter dayes,  
 I thinke to beare a sway within my minde  
 And feede my thoughtes with frendly sweete delayes;  
 If so it be, let me attend my chaunce,  
 And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce.

Affai ben balla  
 a chi Fortuna  
 fuona.



XXXIII.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, *Nelle rime di messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola* the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere ; and this it is :

*Deh le mie belle donne et amoroſe,  
Ditemi il ver per voſtra cortesia,  
Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia,  
Come è'l Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre coſe ?*

**Y**E ſtately Dames, whoſe beauties farre excell,  
Of courtesie confeſſe at my request,  
Doth not my Loue amongſt you beare the bell,  
As Phebus goulden rayes obſcures the reſt  
Of Planet Starres, and dimmieth eu'ry light  
That ſhines in heau'n or earth by day or night ?  
Take wiſtly heed in bewing her ſweete face,  
Where nature hath expreſt what ere ſhe could  
Gather for bewties blaze or comely grace :  
Since when to prize her worke ſhe brake the mould,  
So that who ſeekes to finde her Equall out,  
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.  
Therefore ſweete Ladies all vouchſafe with me  
To ſolow her deſert, and my deſire,  
By praying her vnto the ninth degree,  
, , For honour by due right is vertues hire,  
And Enuies mouth muſt ſaye when all is donne,  
No Bird but one is ſacred to the ſunne.



X X X V.

In this Pafsion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, firft compareth himfelfe with *Tirefias* the old Soothfayer of *Thebes*, whome *Iuno* depriued of fight; but *Ioue* rewarded him with the fpirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto *Aetæon*: And laftly he fheweth why he is in worfe cafe, then thofe, which by vewing *Medufaes* heade were turned into ftstones, leefing both life and light at once; and fo concludeth, that olde accurfed *Oedipus* of all other beft befitteth him for a companion.

When firft mine eyes were blinded with Defire,  
 They had netwe feene a Second Sunne whole face  
 Though cleere as beaten fnowe, yet kindled fire  
 Within my brest, and moulte my heart apafe:

Thus learned I by prooffe, what others write,  
 That Sunne, and fire, and fnowe offend the fight.

Ten times happie blinded Theban wight,  
 Whose losse of fight did make him halfe diuine,  
 Where I (alas) haue loft both life and light,  
 Like him, whose hoznes did plague his heedles eyen;

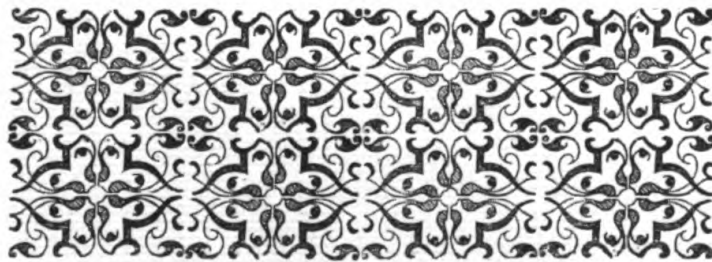
And yet was he in better cafe then I,  
 Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.

All Perfeus foes that fatwe Medufaes heade,  
 By leefing fhape and fenfe were quitte from thvall;  
 But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade,  
 And was my lelfe efficiënt caufe of all:

Wherefore, of all that ere did ceafe to fee

\* Old Oedipus were meetest mate for me.

\* Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in tragedijs suis de Oedipi miserijs.





Here the Author misliketh of his wearifome estate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Mistres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louinge lookes, or presents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in seruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natiuitie: and therewithall abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

**E** Ach thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue;  
 I still in speach vse course of gentle wordes;  
 My louing lookes are such as ought to moue;  
 My giftes as greate as mine estate affordes;  
 My letters tell in what a case I stand,  
 Though full of blots through fault of trembling hand;  
 I dewly daunce attendance as I may,  
 With hope to please, and feare to make offence;  
 All sou'raintie to her I graunt for aye;  
 And where she hurtes yet make I no defence;  
 Sobbes are the longe, wherein I take delight;  
 And shew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my light.  
 And yet all this doth make but small auaille,  
 Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent,  
 No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile,  
 The heau'ns them selues disclaour mine intent:  
 Why should I then desire a longer life,  
 To weaue therein a webbe of endlesse strife?



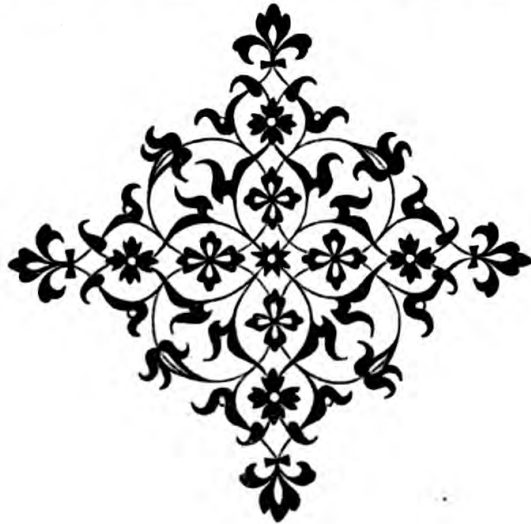
X X X V I I.

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatsoever: and perswadeth vpon the examples of all sortes of Goddesses (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Mistres being well considered, his owne fondnes in loue must of force be in it selfe excusable.

**I**f Ioue himselfe be subiect vnto Loue  
 And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie:  
 If Neptune from the seas himselfe remoue,  
 And seeke on sandes with earthly wightes to plaie:  
 Then may I loue my peerelesse choise by right,  
 Who farre excels each other mortall wight.

If Pluto could by loue be drawne from hell,  
 To yeeld him selfe a silly Virgins thrall:  
 If Phebus could voutsaie on earth to dwell,  
 To winne a rustike maide vnto his call:  
 Then, how much more should I adoze the light  
 Of her, in whom the heau'ns themselues delight?

If cuntrie Pan might folowe Nymphe's in chase,  
 And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame:  
 If Satirs were excus'd for seeking grace  
 To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:  
 Then, why should I once doubt to loue her still,  
 On whom ne Goddesses nor men can gaze their fill?



In the firste staffe of this Passion the Authour expresseth howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by questioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two last verses of the second staffe he imitateth those verses of *Sophocles* :

*In Trachinijs.*

ἔρωτι μὲν νῆν ὅστις ἀντανίσταται  
 πύκτης, ὅπως ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ.  
 οὗτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει.

which may be thus Englished,

*That man, which champion like will striue with Loue  
 And combate hand to hand, hath little witte :  
 For as he list he rules the Gods aboue.*

And in the last, he setteth downe his mind fully bent to persist constantly in the loue & seruice of his Ladie : like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the best Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares) wrote vnto his beloued *Clytia* :

*Quin noctu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum,  
 Solque domo Hesperidum mane propinquus erit,  
 Quàm capiat lepidæ me fæda obliuio nymphæ, &c ?*

**S**ome aske me, when, and how my loue begunne ;  
 Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath ;  
 Some, who she is, by whome I am vndone ;  
 Some, what I meane to treade so letwde a path ;  
 I answere all alike, by answ'ring nought,  
 But, ble'st is he, whome *Cupid* neuer caught :

And yet I coulde, if sorrowe would permit,  
 Tell when and howe I fir't my fancie first,  
 And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,  
 And choase the path, wherein I liue accurst :  
 But such like deedes would breed a double soare,  
 For loue gainesaide growes madder then before.  
 But note herewith, that so my thoughts are bound  
 To her, in whome my libertie lies th'all,  
 That if she would vouchsafe to salue my wound,  
 Yet force of this my loue should neuer fall,  
 Till Phœbus ble to rise from out the West,  
 And towardes night seeke lodging in the East.

X X X I X.

The second part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fiftē Sonnet in *Petrarch part. 1.* whose wordes are these,

*Piu volte gia per dir le labbra apersi :  
Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto :  
Ma qual suon poria mai salir tant' alto ?  
Piu volte incominciai di scriuer versi,  
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto  
Rimaser vinto nel primier assalto.*

**W**hen first these eyes beheld with great delight  
The Phoenix of this world, or second Sunne,  
Her beames or plumes bewitched all my sight,  
And loue encreast the hurte that was begunne:  
Since when my grieffe is grow'ne so much the more,  
Because I finde no way to cure the soare,  
I haue attempted oft to make complainte,  
And with some dolefull wordes to tell my grieffe,  
But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte,  
And makes me mute where I shoulde craue releife:  
An other while I thinke to write my paine,  
But streight my hand laies downe the pen againe.  
Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtfull cares  
Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is sore opprest,  
And sometime suddaine ioy at vnawares  
Doth moue to much, and so doth hurte my brest;  
What man doth liue in more extreemes then these,  
Where death doth seeme a life, and paines doe please?



X L.

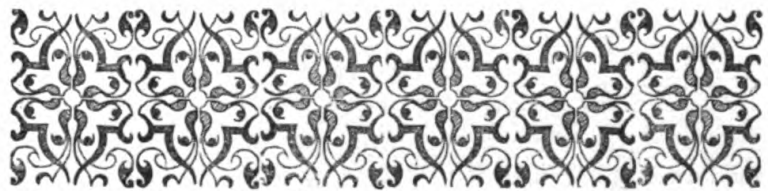
The sense contained in this Sonnet will seeme strange to such as neuer haue acquainted themselues with *Loue* and his Lawes, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familier truth. It is almost word for word taken out of *Petrarch*, (where hee be-  
ginneeth,

Parte prima  
Sonet. 105.

*Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra ;  
E temo, e spero &c?*)

All, except three verses, which this Authour hath necessarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to vse in euery one of these his Passions.

**I** Joy not peace, where yet no warre is found ;  
I feare, and hope ; I burne, yet freeze withall ;  
I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground ;  
I compasse nought, and yet I compasse all ;  
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,  
Noz friend ; noz holdes me fast, noz lets me goe ;  
Loue will not that I liue, noz lets me die ;  
Noz lockes me fast, noz suffers me to scape ;  
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry ;  
I wish for death, yet after helpe I gape ;  
I hate my selfe, but loue an other wight ;  
And feede on greeke, in lieu of sweete delight ;  
At selfe same time I both lament and ioy ;  
I still am pleasd, and yet displeas'd still ;  
Loue sometimes seemes a God, sometimes a Boy ;  
Sometimes I sincke, sometimes I swimme at will ;  
Twixt death and life, small difference I make ;  
All this deere Dame befalls me for thy sake.



X L I.

This Pafsion is framed vpon a fomewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called *παλιλογία* or *ἀναδίπλωσις*, of the Latines *Reduplicatio*: whereof *Sufenbrotus* (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of *Virgill*,

*Sequitur pulcherrimus Austur,  
Austur equo fidens.*

AEneid. 10.

O Happy men that finde no lacke in Loue ;  
 I Loue, and lacke what most I do desire ;  
 My deepe desire no reason can remoue ;  
 All reason thunneth my hrest, that's set one fire ;  
 And so the fire mainetaines both force and flame,  
 That force auayleth not against the same ;  
 One onely helpe, can slake this burning heate,  
 Which burning heate proceedeth from her face,  
 Whose face by lookes bewitched my conceite,  
 Through which conceite I liue in woefull case ;  
 O woefull case, which hath no ende of woe,  
 Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe ;  
 And yet my foe mainetaineth such a Warre,  
 As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace ;  
 But such a Peace, as breedeth secret Jarre,  
 Which Jarre no witte, no force, no time can cease ;  
 Yet cease despaire : for time by witte, or force,  
 May force my frendly foe to take remorse.

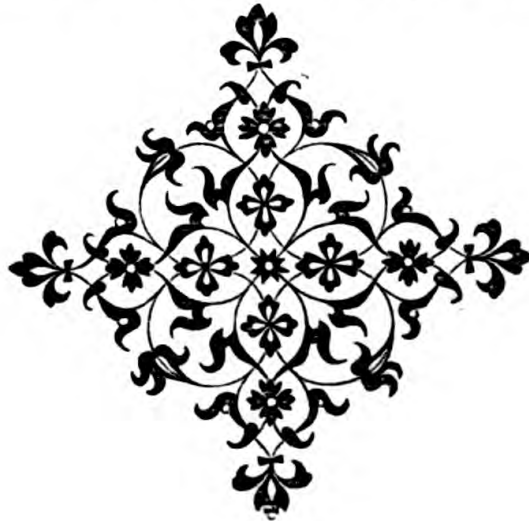


ff



In this Passiō the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many foeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it selfe is so plainely & effectually set downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

**T**his latter night amidst my troubled rest  
 A Dismall Dreame my fearefull hart appald,  
 Whereof the somme was this: Loue made a Feast,  
 To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calde:  
 The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,  
 And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.  
 Then Ioue amidst his cuppes for seruice done  
 Gan thus to test with Ganymede his boy;  
 I faine would finde for thee my preaty Sonne  
 A fayrer Wife, then Paris brought to Troy:  
 Why, sir, quoth he, if Phebus stand my friend,  
 Who know's the world, this geere will soone haue end.  
 Then Ioue replide that Phebus should not choose  
 But do his best to finde the fayrest face;  
 And the once found should neither will nor choose  
 But yeelde her selfe, and chaunge her dwelling place;  
 Alas, how much was then my hart affright,  
 Which hade me wake and watch my faire delight?



X L I I I.

The sence or matter of this Pafsion is taken out of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,

*Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco,  
Non me stupisce quel che fà natura,  
Ma costei che è di giaccio, & io di fuoco,  
E in mezo del mio cuor viue sicura ;  
Chi la defende in cosi ardente fuoco,  
Che douendo sguagliar diuenta dura ?  
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduersario,  
Che à suo dispetto vnisce ogni contrario.*

**T**he Salamander liues in fire and flame,  
And yet but wonder small in Natures worke :  
By straunger force loue winnes away her fame,  
As causing colde in midst of heat to lurke.  
Who list of these my paines to take the view,  
Will soone confesse that what I say, is true.  
For one as colde as hardest frozen yse,  
Is fixed fast, and lodgeth in my brest ;  
Whome reason can remoue by no deuise,  
Nor any force can cause to let me rest :  
And yet I still so swimme in hoate desire,  
That more I burne then either flame or fire.  
How straunge is this ? can contraries so gree,  
That Ie in flame will neither waste nor melt,  
But still encrease, and harder growe to bee,  
Then erst before ? all this my selfe haue felt.  
For Loue Dame Natures foe, without remorse,  
Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.



XLI III.

In this Pafsion the Authour misliketh one while his estate, & by and by after liketh of the same againe, vpon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, & throughout the whole Sonnet hee fayneth his Mistres to bee a *Second Sunne*: and by expressing his priuate infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with *Loue*, or growinge stiffe through Death approachinge neere him by reason of dayly cares, hee maketh allusion vnto the diuerse effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax softer, then it was before.

**T**hat Second Sunne, whose beames haue dimd my sight,  
 So scorched hath my hart and senses all,  
 That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight,  
 I onely seeke, and sue to be her thrall;  
 Yet soe this heate increaseth day by day,  
 That more and more it halt'neth my decay.  
 Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wax,  
 Sometimes grow stiffe, as if they were of clay;  
 Thise happy he whome Loue doth neuer bere,  
 Nor any Second Sunne doth mealt away:  
 Nay cursed I blaspheme the fayrest Light  
 That euer yet was seene by day or night.  
 Perchaunce her parching heates will once repaire  
 My hart againe, and make me all anew:  
 The Phenix so reuiues amidst the ayre  
 By vertue of that Sunne which all men view:  
 The vertue of my Sunne exceedes the skye,  
 By her I shall reuiue, though first I die.



X L V.

The Authour vseth in this Pafsion the like sence to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistres a *Second Sunne* vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it selfe is become in *Loue*: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it amongst these his English toyes.

**F**oelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris  
 Aptos fecit amoribus,  
 Exoptare solent tenebrosa crepuscula noctis,  
 Auroræ maledicere:  
 At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux  
 Tythoni gelidi senis,  
 Dum venit in prima surgentis parte diei,  
 Et Soles geminos mihi  
 Apperit, & mæsto fœlices reddit ocellos,  
 Quòd Soles videam duos,  
 Qui simili forma, simili sic luce coruscant,  
 Et mittunt radios pares,  
 Vt Polus ipse nouo Terræ laqueatus amore  
 Flammis inuideat meis,  
 Solis & ignoto se torreat igne secundi,  
 Oblitus decoris sui,  
 Haud secus atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas  
 Multo flore superbijt,  
 Et nitidos primùm strophijjs ornâre capillos  
 Pulchri Naiadum chori.



Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his estate growinge dayly to be more troublesome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloved: whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a stony rocke, which nothinge can moue or waste awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe striued with himselfe and his pafsions, hee is quietly resolu'd to haue patience, & so long to perseuer in the still hoping minde of a trewe loue, till by long continuance of time *Loue* be induced to stande his friend.

**A**ll yee that loue compare your paines with mine,  
 Which voyde of hope continue still her thrall,  
 Whose hart is hard, and neuer will assigne  
 A raunsome day, nor once will bow at all,  
 Much like the stony rocke, whose hardned side  
 Will scarcely weare with course of time or tide.

And yet, since time can weare each thinge away,  
 I will enforce my selfe to liue content,  
 Till so my thoughtes haue sed vpon delay,  
 That Reason rule the roast and loue relent;  
 O baine attempt in striuing with Dispaire,  
 I build nought els but castles in the ayre.  
 For why: the Sunne may sooner shine by night,  
 And twinckling starres giue glimlinge sparkes by day:  
 Then I can cease to serue my Sweete delight,  
 Whome neither force nor time can driue away:  
 Therefore in hope that loue will stand my friend  
 I thus conclude, Each thing but loue hath end.



XLVII.

This Passion containeth a relation through out from line to line ; as, from euery line of the first staffe as it standeth in order, vnto euery line of the second staffe : and from the second staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall haue in it. And this posie a scholler set down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it : *Tam casu, quàm arte & industria.* The two first lines are an imitation of *Seraphine, Sonnetto 103.*

*Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena  
El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,  
Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale  
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.*

**I**n time the Bull is brought to weare the yoke ;  
In time all haggred Haukes will scoope the Lures ;  
In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdiest Oake ;  
In time the Marble weares with weakest shewes :  
More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard withall,  
Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or Steny wal.  
No yoke preuailes, shee will not yeeld to might ;  
No Lure will cause her scoope, she beares full gorge ;  
No wedge of woes make printe, she reakes no right ;  
No shewe of teares can moue, she thinkes I forge :  
Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her brest  
With that same shaft, which robbes me of my rest.  
So let her feele thy force, that she relent ;  
So keepe her lowe, that she vouchsafe a pray ;  
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent ;  
So forge, that I may speede without delay ;  
Which if thou do, I'le sweare, and singe with ioy,  
That Loue no longer is a blinded Boy.





XLVIII.

This Passion containeth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two similitudes; in both which the Authour exprefeth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the second, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his *Mistresse* vnto the eyes of the *Basilique*, which killeth a man with his onely sight being a farre of: whereof *Lucan lib. 9.* faith thus,

*Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,  
Ante venena nocens, latè sibi submouet omne  
Vulgus, & in vacua regnat Basiliscus arena.*

And *Mantuan* in like manner,

*Natus in ardenti Libyæ Basiliscus arena,  
Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.*

**L**ike as the sillie Bird amidst the night,  
When Birders beate the bush, and shake his nest,  
He fluttring forth streight flies vnto the light,  
As if it were the day newe sprung from East,  
Where so his wilfull wings consume away,  
That needes he must become the Birders pray:

Or, as the Flye, when candles are alight,  
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne:  
Euen so my heart hath seene a heau'nly light,  
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne:

The beames thereof containe such wondrous flame,  
That loue him selfe would burne to see the same.

I meane a Virgins face, whose beautie rare,  
Much like the Basilique in *Lybia* soyle,  
With onely sight is cause of all my care,  
And loads my yeelding heart with endlesse toyle;  
Yet needes I must confesse she hath more grace,  
Then all the Nymphes that haunt *Dianaes* chafe.

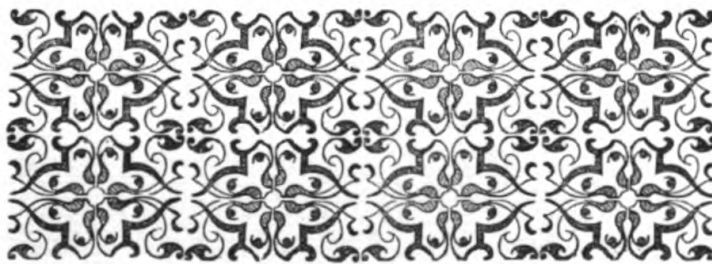


X L I X.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublesome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly & faine would yeelde himselfe to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconuenience would then arise. For he doubteth least those flames, wherein his soule continually burneth, shall make *Charon* afraide to graunt him passage ouer the Lake of *Stix*, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

**S**o great a Light hath set my mind on fire,  
 That flesh and boane consume with secret flame,  
 Each vaine dyes vp, wit yeeldes to deepe desire:  
 I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,  
 How faine my soule an interchaunge would make  
 Twixt this her present State and Limbo lake;  
 And yet she dread's, least when she partes from hence,  
 Her Heates be such, that Charon will retire,  
 And let her passe for prayer, noz for \* pence,  
 For feare his with'ed boat be set on fire;  
 So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty Loue  
 In Stix it selfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue.  
 Wherefore deere Dame vouchsafe to reuo my case,  
 And salue the soare which thou thy selfe hast made:  
 My Heates first grew by gazing on thy face,  
 Whole lights were such, that I could find no shade:  
 And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,  
 By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorse.

\*Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal:  
*Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.*



G

In this Passion is effectually set downe, in how straunge a case he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an estate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expreffeth here in his owne perfon: therewithall calling vpon *Loue*, to stand his frend; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearysome life.

While others feede, my fancy makes me fast;  
 While others liue secure, I feare mischaunce;  
 I dread no force, where other stand agast;  
 I follow sute where Fortune leades the Daunce,  
 Who like a numming mate so throwes the Dice,  
 That Reason leeing all, Loue winnes the price;  
 Which Loue by force so worketh in my brest,  
 That needes perforce I must encline my will  
 To die in dreames, whiles others liue in rest,  
 And liue in woes while others feele none ill.  
 O gentle Death let heere my dayes haue ende,  
 Or mightie Loue, so ble me as thy frend.  
 Mine eyes are woyn with teares, my wittes with woe,  
 My coulour dyde with cares, my hart with paines,  
 My will bewitcht, my limmes consumed soe,  
 That scarcely bloud, or vitall breath remaines:  
 While others ioy, or sleepe, I wayle and wake:  
 All this (*Deere Dame*,) I suffer for thy sake.



*Tityus* was the sonne of *Iupiter*, and for attempting to dishonest *Latona*, was slaine by *Apollo*. Since which time the Poetes faine that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously growe vp againe, to breede his endlesse miserie, as the Poet witnesseth,

*Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere sæuo  
Viscera nascuntur grauibus certantia pœnis?*

Claud. in Gigantomachia.

The Authour compareth his pasions with the paines of this *Tityus*, and imitateth *Seneca* writing to the like effect,  
*Vultur relicto transuolet Tityo ferus,  
Meumque pœnæ semper accrescat iecur.*

**I**f *Tityus* wretched wight beheld my paines,  
He would confesse his woundes to be but small,  
A *Vultur* worse then his teares all my vaines,  
Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all:  
Would Gods a while I might possesse his place,  
To iudge of both, which were in better case.  
The Hell is darke, wherein he suffreth smarte,  
And wants not some Companions of his greeke:  
I liue in Light, and see what hurtes my hart,  
But want some mourning mates for my releefe;  
His Paine is iust rewarde, his crimes were such:  
My greatest fault is this, I loue too much.  
Why then, since too much loue can breede offence,  
Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my desire,  
Goe pearch elswhere, remoue thy selfe from hence;  
I freeze like Ice, and burne like flaming fire;  
Yet stay good Bird: for if thou loare away,  
Twixt Frost and Flame my dayes will soone decay.



Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his vnhap-  
pines, and rehearfall of some particular hurtes which he su-  
steineth in the pursute of his loue: first questioneth with his  
*Lady* of his deferte; and then, as hauinge made a sufficiente  
prooffe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitie him, whom  
she herselfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the  
first letters of all the verses in this Pasion being ioyned to-  
gether as they stand, do containe this posie agreeable to his  
meaning, *Amor me pungit & vrit.*

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**A** World of woes doth raigne within my brest,  
 My pensue thoughtes are cou' red all with care,  
 Of all that sing the Swanne doth please me best,  
 Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,  
 Had mooded Loue blurping Reasons place  
 Extremitie doth ouer rule the case.  
 Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall blood,  
 Unlesse the Saint I serue geue helpe in time:  
 None els, but she alone, can do me good.  
 Graunt then ye Gods, that first she may not clime  
 Immortall heau'ns, to liue with Saintes aboue,  
 Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue.  
 Examine well the time of my distresse  
 Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away,  
 Unguyltie though, as needes thou must contesse,  
 Remembyng but the cause of my decay:  
 In beuwing thy sweete face arose my grieffe,  
 Therefore in time vouchsafe me some relieffe.



## L I I I.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theocritus* ; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, so moſte aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes ; hee beginneth thus,

*Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem  
Ipſum ex alueolis clam mella fauoſque legentem,  
Cui ſummos manuum digitos confixit, at ille  
Indoluit, læſæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ:  
Planxit humum, & ſaltu trepidans pulſauit, & ipſi  
Oſtendens Veneri, caſum narrauit acerbum, &c.*

**W**here tender Loue had laiſde him downe to ſleepe,  
A little Bee ſo ſtrong his fingers end,  
That burning ache enforced him to weepe  
And call ſoz \* Phebus Sonne to ſtand his friend,  
To whom he cride, I muſe ſo ſmall a thing  
Can pricke thus deepe with ſuche a little Sting.  
Why ſo, ſweet Boy, quoth Venus ſitting by ?  
Thy ſelfe is pong, thy arrowes are but ſmall  
And yet thy hotte makes hardeſt harts to cry :  
To Phebus Sunne ſhe turned therewithall,  
And prayde him ſhe w his ſkill to cure the ſoze,  
Whole like her Boy had neuer felt before.  
Then he with Herbes recured ſoone the wound,  
Which being done, he threwo the Herbes away,  
Whole ſorce, through touching *Loue*, in ſelfe lame ground,  
By hapleſſe hap did hreedde my hartes decay :  
For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne  
To waite ſoz *Loue*, and what he ſhould aſſigne.

\*AEſculapius.





In this Pafsion the Authour boafteth, howe found a pleasure he lately enioyed in the companie of his *Beloued*, by pleasing effectually all his fiue senses exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly prefence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyse particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of *Ronsardes*, in a certaine *Elegie* to *Ianet peintre du Roy*: which beginneth thus,

*Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie  
Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie  
De la façon, &c.*

What happie howre was that I lately past  
With her, in whome I fedde my senses all?  
With one pure sealed kisse I pleas'd my tast;  
Mine eares with woordes, which seemed Mūicall;  
My smelling with her breath, like Cūiet sweete;  
My touch in place where modestie thought meete.  
But shall I say, what obietes held mine eye?  
Her curled Lockes of Gold, like Tagus sandes;  
Her Forehead smooth and white as Iuory,  
Where Glory, State, and Bashfullnes held handes;  
Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres;  
By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars;  
Her Egles Nose; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white;  
Her Teeth of Orient Pearle; her gracious smile;  
Her dimpled Chinne; her Breast as cleere as light;  
Her Hand like hers, \* who Tithon did beguile.  
For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee,  
While thus I fedde each sense in his degree?

\* Aurora.



L V.

The whole inuention of all this Pafsion is deducted out of *Seraphine*, Sonnet 63. whose verses if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitatiō the more praise worthy; these they are,

*Come alma affai bramofa & poco accorta  
Che mai vifto hauea amor fe non depinto,  
Dispoſi vn di cercar ſuo Laberinto,  
Vedere el monſtro, & tanta gente morta.  
Ma quel fil d'èragion che chi per ſcorta  
Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto  
Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto & vinto,  
Talche mai piu trouar ſeppi la porta.*

**M**heedleſſe hart which Loue yet neuer knew,  
But as he was deſcrib'd with Painters hand,  
One day amongſt the reſt would needes goe biew  
The *Labyrinth* of Loue, with all his hand,  
To ſee the Minotaure his ougly face,  
And ſuch as there lay ſaine within the place.  
But ſoone my guiding thid by Reaſon ſpunne,  
Wherewith I paſt a long his darkelome caue,  
Was broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne,  
And I perforce became his captiue ſlaue:  
Since when as yet I neuer found the way  
To leaue that maze, wherein ſo many ſtray.  
Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd ſo longe  
May'ſt, if thou wiſt, play Ariadnaes part,  
And by a ſecond Thid reuenge the wronge,  
Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleſſe hart;  
Vouchſafe in time to ſaue and let me free,  
Which ſeeke and ſerue none other Saint but thee.



The first Staffe of this Pafsion is much like vnto that inuention of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, where he saith,

*Morte: che vuoi? te bramo: Eccomi appresso;*  
*Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;*  
*Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso;*  
*Perche? però che in te non regna il core. &c.*

The second Staffe somewhat imitateth an other of his *Strambotti* in the same leafe; it beginneth thus,

*Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto?*  
*Vn tuo seruo fidel; non ti conosco; &c.*

The Authour in the laste Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perswaded that *Loue* would restore vnto him his hart againe.

**C**ome gentle Death; who cals? one thats opprest:  
 What is thy will? that thou abide my woe,  
 By cutting of my life; cease thy request,  
 I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why loe?  
 Thou want'st thy Hart. Who steale the same away?  
*Loue*, whom thou seru'st, intreat him if thou may.  
 Come, come, come *Loue*: who calleth me so oft?  
 Thy *Uaillall* true, whome thou should'st know by right.  
 What makes thy cry so faint? my voyce is soft,  
 And almost spent by wayling day and night.  
 Why then, whats thy request? that thou restore  
 To me my Hart, and steale the same no more.  
 And thou, O Death, when I possesse my Hart,  
 Dispatch me then at once: why so?  
 By promise thou art bound to end my smart.  
 Why, if thy Hart returne, then whats thy woe?  
 That brought from colde, It neuer will desire  
 To rest with me, which am more hote then fire.



Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himselfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatfoeuer, which pitie his estate in *Loue*: and groundeth his inuention, for the moste part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, *Consuetudo est altera natura*. Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North seldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer smothered with ouermuch heate.

**A**ll yee, that grieue to thinke my death so neere,  
 Take pitie on your selues, whose thought is blind;  
 Can there be Day, vnlesse some Light appeare?  
 Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?  
 If *Loue* were past, my life would soone decay,  
*Loue* bids me hoape, and hoape is all my stay.  
 And you, that see in what estate I stand,  
 Now hote, now colde, and yet am liuing still,  
 Persuade your selues, *Loue* hath a mightie hand,  
 And custome frames, what pleaeth best her wil.  
 A ling'ring vse of *Loue* hath taught my best  
 To harboꝝ strife, and yet to liue in rest.  
 The man that dwelles farre North, hath seldome harne  
 With blast of winters wind or nipping frost:  
 The Negro seldome feeles himselfe too warme  
 \* If he abide within his natiue coast;  
 So, *Loue* in me a Second Nature is,  
 And custome makes me thinke my Woess are Blisse.

\* For both experience teacheth & Philosophical reason approoueth, that an Ethyopian may easily in Spaine be smothered with the heat of the countrey though Spaine be more temperate then Ethyopia is.



¶

LVIII.

*Aetna*, called in times past *Inesia*, as *Volaterranus* witnesseth, is a hollow hill in *Sicilia*, whose toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimstone, and other such like Mineralles, which are within the said Mountaine. Which notwithstanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleasant, as well for the aboundance of sweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of freshe springes and fountaines. The Poetes faine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled against heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppresse them all with the weight of this hill *Aetna*. These thinges being well considered, together with the verse of *Horace*:

De arte  
Poetica.

(*Deus immortalis haberi*  
*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam*  
*Influit*)

It may easly appeare, why the Author in this passion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

**T**here is a monstrous hill in *Sicill* coyle,  
Where woakes that limping God, which Vulcan hight,  
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome Ioue did foyle,  
When gainst the heau'ns they durst presume to fight;  
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame,  
And Flora sittes at bottome of the same.  
My swelling heart is such an other hill,  
Wherein a blinded God beares all the swaye,  
And rebell thoughtes resisting reasons skill  
Are bound by will from starting thence awaye;  
The toppe thereof doth smoake with scalding smart,  
And seldome ioyes obtaine the lowest parte.  
Yet learne herewith the difference of the twaine:  
Empedocles consum'd with Aetnaes fire  
When godheade there he sought, but all in vaine:  
But this my heart, all flaming with desire,  
Embraceth in it selke an Angels face,  
Which beareth rule as Goddesse of the place.

The Author in this passion accuseth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cause of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is so oppressed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them selues, that reason can beare no swaye in the cause. Therefore in the ende, he instantlie entreateth his Ladie of her speedie fauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

**T**hat thing, wherein mine eyes haue most delight,  
 Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer paine:  
 Such is the hurt that comes by wanton sight;  
 Which reason striues to banquish all in vaine;  
 This onely sense, more quicke then all the rest,  
 Hath kindled holie fire within my brest.  
 And so my mourning hearte is parching drie  
 With sending sighes abroade, and keeping care,  
 That needes it must consume, if longe it lye  
 In place, where such a flame doth make repaire:  
 This flame is Loue, whome none may well intreate,  
 But onely thee, for whome I suffer heate.  
 Then peerelesse Dame, the ground of all my grieffe,  
 Voutsafe to cure the cause of my complainte:  
 No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.  
 But helpe in time, befoze I further fainte,  
 „ For Daunger growes by lingringe till the last,  
 „ And phisick hath no helpe, when life is past.





The Authour groundeth this Pafsion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth howe he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as *Medæa* sometime vfed,

Ouid. Metam.  
lib. 7.

\**Video meliora, proboque,  
Deteriora sequor, &c.*

In the second, he excuseth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the restitution of his wonted libertie: desiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well susteine, according to the olde verfe,

*Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.*

**W** As euer man, whose *Loue* was like to mine?  
I follow still the cause of my distresse,  
My Hart foreseeing hurte, doth yet encline  
To seeke the same, and thinkes the harme the lesse.  
In doing thus, you aske me what I ayle:  
Against maine force what reason can preuaile?  
*Loue* is the Lord and Signor of my will,  
How shall I then dispose of any deede?  
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome still,  
He duls each sence, and makes my hart to bleede.  
Thou Sacred Nymph, whose vertue wanteth staine,  
Agree with *Loue*, and let me free againe.  
Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,  
Wherein my penne shall once thy praise forget:  
No Night with sleepe shall close mine eyes at all,  
Before I make recount of such a debt;  
Then force me not to more then well I may,  
Besides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.



L X I.

The inuention of this Pafsion is borrowed, for the most parte  
from *Seraphine Son.* 125. Which beginneth,

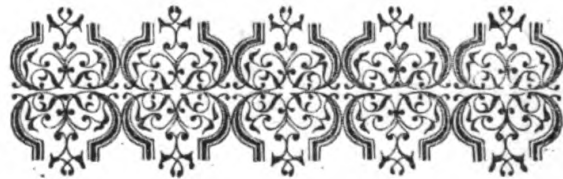
*S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accesi  
Perduti haueffi, e li suoi strali Amore,  
I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core,  
Che sol da me li potriano effer resi ;  
E se de gli ampli mari in terra stesi  
Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando fore  
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore  
Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripresi ; &c.*

**I**f *Loue* had lost his shaftes, and *Ioue* downe threwo  
His thundring boltes, and spent his forked fire,  
They onely might recou' red be anew  
From out my Hart crosswounded with desire ;  
O if Debate by Mars were lost a space,  
It might be found within the selke lame place ;  
If Neptunes waues were all dyde by and gone,  
By weeping eyes so many teares distill,  
That greater Seas might grow by them alone ;  
O if no flame were yet remayning still  
In Vulcans forge, he might from out my brest  
Make choise of such as should besit him best.  
If Aeole were depriu'd of all his charge,  
Yet soone could I restore his windes againe,  
By sobbing sighes, which forth I blow at large,  
To moue her mind that pleasures in my paine ;  
What man, but I, could thus encline his will  
To liue in *Loue*, which hath no end of ill ?



That the vulgar sorte may the better vnderstand this Pasiō, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned soules (as the Poets faine) & destinate vnto fundrie punishmentes. *Tantalus* hauing his lippes still at the brinke of the riuer *Eridanus*, yet dieth for thirst. *Ixion* is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth incessantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of *Tityus*, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. *Sisyphus* rowleth a great rounde stoane vp a steepe hill, which being once at the top presently falleth downe amaine. *Belides* are fifty sisters, whose continuall taske is, to fill a bottomlesse tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

**I** In that I thirst for such a Goddesse grace  
 As wantes remoye, like *Tantalus* I die;  
 My state is equall to *Ixions* case,  
 Whose rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,  
 In that my tossing toyles can haue no end,  
 Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will stand my friend.  
 In that my heart consuming neuer dyes,  
 I feele with *Tityus* an equall payne,  
 On whome an euer feeding Vultur lyes;  
 In that I vyle through hope, and fall againe  
 By feare, like *Sisyphus* I labour still  
 To turl a rowling stoane against the hill;  
 In that I make my bowes to her alone,  
 Whose eares are deafe, and will reteine no sound,  
 With *Belides* my state is all but one,  
 Which fill a tub, whose bottome is not sound.  
 A wondrous thing, y<sup>t</sup> Loue should make the wound,  
 Wherein a second Hell may thus be found.



L X I I I.

Loue hath two arrowes, as *Cōradus Celtis* witneffeth in these two verfes :

*Per matris astrum, & per fera spicula,  
Quæ bina fert sæuus Cupido, &c.*

Odarum. lib. 1.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therefore faineth in this Passion, that when *Cupid* had strokē him with that of lead, soone after pittying his painefull estate, he thought good to strike his beloued with the other. But her brest was so hard, that the shaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him selfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconueniences; first, that Loue him selfe became her thrall, whome hee shoulde haue conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should haue been friēdly. and lastly, that the Authour by this meanes despaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, & therefore desireth a speedie death, as alluding to those sētētious verfes of *Sophocles*\*, \* *Electra*.

*τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένον  
θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι.*

which may be thus Englished paraphrastically.

*What can it him auaille to liue a while,  
Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?*

**L**oue hath two shaftes, the one of beaten gold,  
By stroake wherof a sweete effect is wrought:  
The other is of lumpishe leaden mould,  
And worketh none effect, but what is nought;  
Within my brest the latter of the twaine  
Breedes feare, feare thought, and thought a lasting paine.  
One day amongst the rest sweete Loue beganne  
To pittie mine estate, and thought it best  
To perce my Deare with golde, that she might scanne  
My case aright, and turne my toyles to rest:  
But from her brest more hard then hardest flint  
His shafte flewe backe, and in him selfe made printe.  
And this is cause that Loue doth stoupe her lure,  
Whose heart he thought to conquere for my sake;  
That she is proude; and I without recure:  
Which triple hurte doth cause my hope to quake:  
Hoape lost breeds grieffe, grieffe paine, and paine disease,  
Disease bringes death, which death will onely please.

LXIIII.

This Pafsion is of like frame and fashion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the fenfe or fubftance of this Pafsion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by laying open the long continued grieuesomnes of his misery in *Loue*, feeketh to moue his Miftres to fome compafsion.

**M** humble lute hath fet my minde on pride,  
 Which pride is caufe thou haft me in difdaine,  
 By which difdaine my woundes are made fo wide,  
 That widenelle of my woundes augmentes my paine,  
 Which Paine is caufe, by force of fecrete iarres,  
 That I fuftaine a huint of priuate Warres.  
 But ceafe deere Dame to kindle further strife,  
 Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enjoy their place;  
 If Peace take place, Pitie may faue my life,  
 For Pitie fhould be thow'ne to fuch as trace  
 Moft daung'rous wayes, and tread their Stepp's away,  
 Or liue in woes: and fuch a one am I.  
 Therefore My Deere Delight regard my *Loue*,  
 Whome *Loue* doth force to followe Fond Deire,  
 Which Fond Deire no counsell can remoue;  
 For what can counsell doe, to quench the fire  
 That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?  
 Fancie by kind with Reason ftriueth ftill.

„



L X V.

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author pro-  
 ueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, *A ma-*  
*iori ad minus*, that he may with good reason yeeld him selfe  
 to the imperie of *Loue*, whome the gods them selues obey ;  
 as *Iuppiter* in heauen, *Neptune* in the seas, and *Pluto* in hell.  
 In the last staffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M.  
*Girolamo Parabosco* ; which are, as followeth.

*Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, & fatali,*  
*Oue ha prescrito il ciel mio mal, mio bene :*  
*Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso, e canto ;*  
*Mia spene, mio timor ; mio foco & giaccio ;*  
*Mia noia, mio piacer ; mia vita & morte.*

Selua Seconda.

**W**ho knoweth not, how often Venus sonne  
 Hath forced Iuppiter to leaue his seate ?  
 Or els, how often Neptune he hath wunne  
 From seaes to landes, to play some wanton feate ?  
 Or, howe he hath constrai'd the Lord of Stix  
 To come on earth, to practise louing trickes ?  
 If heau'n, if seaes, if hell must needes obey,  
 And all therein be subiect vnto Loue ;  
 What shall it then auaille, if I gainstay,  
 And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue ?  
 No, no, I yeeld my selfe, as is but meete :  
 For hetherto with low'r he yeeldes me sweet.  
 From out my Mistres eyes, two lightsome starres,  
 He destinates estate of double kinde,  
 My teares, my smyling cheere ; my peace, my warres ;  
 My sighes, my longes ; my feare, my hoping minde ;  
 My fyre, my frost ; my ioy, my loyrtwes gall ;  
 My curse, my prayse ; my death, but life with all.



¶



L X V I.

This Latine pafsion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto 133.* which beginneth.

*Hor, ch'ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,  
E le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena,  
Notte'l carro stellato in giro mena,  
E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace ; &c.*

Wherein he imitated *Virgill*, ſpeaking of *Dido*, thus.

*Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feſſa ſoporem  
Corpora &c.*

And this Author preſumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully tranſlating it, to place it amongſt theſe his owne paſſions, for a ſigne of his greate ſufferance in loue.

**D** *Vm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventuſque ſiſceſcit,  
Dumque feras, volucresque quies complectitur alta,  
Noxque agit in gyrum ſtellantes ſydere curruſ,  
Inque ſuo lecto recubat ſine flumine Pontuſ,  
Multa ego contemplor ; ſtudeo ; conflagro ; gemiſco  
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna eſt, mihi ſemper oberrat.  
In me bella gero plenuſque doloriſ & iræ,  
Paxque mihi modica eſt Lauræ ſoliuſ in umbra.  
Oritur ex vno claro mihi fonte & acerbum,  
Et quod dulce ſapit ; quorum depaſcor utroque :  
Vnica meque manuſ lædit, læſoque medetur,  
Martyriuſque meum nullo quia limite clauſum eſt,  
Mille neces paciſ, vitas totidemque reſumo  
Quoque die ; ſupereſtque mihi ſpeſ nulla ſalutiſ.*

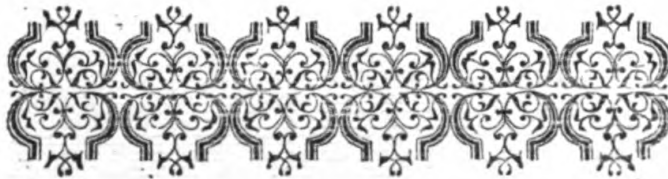


## L X V I I.

A man singular for his learning, and magistrate of no small account, vpon slight suruey of this booke of passions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne priuate pleasure, or for some good he conceyued of the worke, vouchsafed with his own hand to set down certaine posies concerning the same: Amongst which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heeles.* Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purposely compyled at the presse, in remembrance of his worshipfull frend, and in honour of his golden posie.

**W**hen Cupid is content to keepe the skies,  
 He neuer takes delight in standing still,  
 But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies,  
 And eu'ry God subdueth at his will,  
 As if his boaw were like to Fortunes wheele,  
 Him selfe like her, hauing no leaden heele.  
 When other whiles he passeth Lemnos Ile,  
 Unhappy boy he gybes the \* Clubfoote Smith,  
 Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while,  
 But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,  
 And makes him selfe companion with the Winde  
 To shew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde.  
 But in my selfe I haue too trewe a prooffe:  
 For when he first elpyde my raunging Heart,  
 He Falcon like came lowling from aloofe,  
 His swiftly falling stroake encreast my smart:  
 As yet my Heart the violence it feelles,  
 Which makes me say, Loue hath no leaden heeles.

\* Vulcane.



LXVIII.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of *Stephanus Forcatulus*, which are these.

*Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit præpete telo ;  
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. &c.*

*Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil inuuet Ida,  
quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leues.*

*Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera sensit,  
sanare ut tantum, qui facit illa, queat.*

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderstoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whose wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

Deremed. lib. 1 *Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hosti,  
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit*

And propriety in like maner lib. 2.

*Mysus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus  
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.*

*Suidas* mentioneth an other *Telephus*, an excellent Gramarian of Pergamus.

**I**n secrete seate and centre of my hearte,  
Unwares to me, not once suspecting ill,  
Blinde Cupides hand hath first a deadly dart,  
Wherewith how ere I plucke, it sticketh still,  
And workes effect like those of Arab soyle,  
Whose heades are dipt in poyson steed of oyle.

If't were like those, wherewith in Ida plaine  
The Crætan hunter woundes the chased deere,  
I could with Dictame drawe it out againe,  
And cure me so, that skarre should scarce appeare :

• We alludeth  
to the wound  
of Philoctetes.

\* Or if Alcides shaft did make me bleed,  
Machaons art would stand me in some steede.

But being, as it is, I must compare  
With fatall woundes of *Telephus* alone,  
And say, that he, whose hand hath wrought my care,  
Must eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none :  
Helpe therefore gentle Loue to ease my heart,  
Whose paines encrease, till thou withdraw thy dart.

L X I X.

In the first staffe of this Passion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with despaire, sorowfully recounteth some particular causes of his vnhappinesse in Loue. In the residue, he entreateth a better aspecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie course, or his death be hastned, to end all his misery at once.

**M**y ioyes are donne, my comfort quite dismay'd,  
 My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will,  
 My will by Fancies heedeles faulte betrayd,  
 Whose eyes on Beauties face are fixed still,  
 And whose conceyte Folly hath clouded soe,  
 That Loue concludes, my heart must liue in woe.  
 But change aspect ye angry starres aboue,  
 And powrs diuine restore my liberty,  
 Or graunte that soone I may enioye my Loue,  
 Before my life incurre more misery:  
 For nowe so hotte is each assault I feele  
 As woulde dissolue a heart more harde then Steele.  
 Or if you needes must worke my deadly smart,  
 Performe your charge by halting on my death  
 In sight of her, whose eyes enthral my heart:  
 Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,  
 In hope at last, she will voutsaue to say,  
 I rewe his death, whose life I made away.

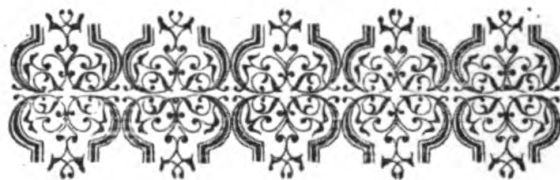


In this pafsion the Authour fome what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervafius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus :

Erotopægni-  
con. lib. 1.

*Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam est ?  
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ  
Bina cornua ? vbi flagrans Amoris  
fax ? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo  
De ipsis Cœlicolis, virisque victis  
Vinctisque ante iugum aureus triumphas ?  
Haud possent tua summa numina vnā,  
Vnā vincere Virginem tenellam ?  
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elisæ  
Fortioribus irrigans venenis  
Vicisti: &c.*

**C**upid, where is thy golden quiver nowe ?  
Where is thy sturdy Bowe ? and where the fire,  
Which made ere this the Gods themselves to bowe ?  
Shall he alone, which forceth my Desire,  
Report or thinke thy Godhead is so small,  
That he through pride can scape from being thall ?  
Whilom thou ouercam'st the stately minde  
Of chaste Elisa queene of Carthage land,  
And did'st constraîne Pasiphae gainst her kind,  
And broughtest Europa faire to Creta sande,  
Quite through the swelling Seas, to pleasure Ioue,  
Whose heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue.  
Thus wert thou wunt to shewe thy force and might,  
By conqu'ring those that were of highest race,  
Where nowe it seemes thou changest thy delight,  
Permitting still, to thy no small disgrace,  
A virgin to despise thy selfe, and me,  
Whose heart is hers, where ere my body be.



L X X I.

The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Loue. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of *Titus*, as if him selfe were *Gysippus*) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them selues; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celestiall seates and functions, and then to ensnare them with the vnseemely desire of mortall creatures, a Pafsion ill befitting the maiesty of their Godheads.

**A** Las deere Titus mine, my auncient friend,  
 What makes thee mule at this my present plight,  
 To see my woonted ioyes enjoy their end  
 And how my Muse hath lost her old delight?

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,

”

To change the minde by wounding of the heart.

”

Alcides fell in loue as I haue done,  
 And layd aside both club and Lions skinne;  
 Achilles too when he faire Bryses wunne,  
 To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.

May, if thou list, suruey the heau'ns aboue,

And see how Gods them selues are chang'd by Loue.

Ioue steales from skies to lye by Lædaes side;  
 Arcas descendes for faire Aglaurus lake,  
 And Sol, so soone as Daphne is espied,  
 To followe her his Chariot doth forsake:

No meruaile then although I change my minde,  
 Which am in loue with one of heau'nly kinde.





In this Sonnet The Authour seemeth to specifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London, situate vpon the side of the Themse, called in latine *Thamesis*. And therefore, whilst he faineth, that *Thamesis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towards the Palace of old *Nereus*, he seemeth to growe into some iealousie of his mistres, whose beautie if it were as well known to thē, as it is to him, it would (as he saith) both deserue more to be honoured by thē, and please *Tryton* much better, then *Thamesis*, although she be the fairest daughter of old *Oceanus*.

**O**ceanus not long agoe decreed  
 To wedd his dearest daughter *Thamesis*  
 To *Tryton* *Neptunes* sonne, and that with speede :  
 When *Neptune* sawe the match was not amisse,  
 Hee prayde the Gods from highest to the least,  
 With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feast,  
*Ioue* did descend with all his heau'nly trayne,  
 And came for *Thamesis* to London side,  
 In whose conduct each one imployd his paine  
 To reuerence the state of such a Bride :  
 But whilst I sawe her led to *Nereus* Hall,  
 My iealous heart begann to throbbe withall.  
 I doubted I, lest any of that crewe,  
 In fetching *Thamesis*, should see my Loue,  
 Whose tising face is of more liuely hewe,  
 Then any Saintes in earth, or heau'n aboue :  
 Besides, I fear'd, that *Tryton* would desire  
 My Loue, and let his *Thamesis* retyre.



L X X I I I.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt *Loue* and his *Heart*, vnder a shadow expreffeth the tyrannie of the one, & the miserie of the other: to sturre vp a iust hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compafsion of the others vn-happines. But as he accuseth *Loue* for his readines to hurt, where he may; so he not excuseth his *Heart*, for desiring a faire imprisonment, when he neded not: thereby specifying in *Loue* a wilfull malice, in his *Heart* a heedlesse follie.

**I** Rue to thinke vpon the dismall day  
 When Cupid first proclaimed open warre  
 Against my Heart; which fledde without delay,  
 But when he thought from Loue to be most farre,  
 The winged boy preuented him by flight,  
 And led him captiuelyke from all delight.  
 The time of triumph being ouerpast,  
 He scarcely knewe where to bestowe the spoile,  
 Till through my heedlesse Heartes desire, at last,  
 He lockt him vp in Tower of endlesse toyle,  
 Within her brest, whose hardned wil doth bere  
 Her silly ghest softer then liquid wax.  
 This prison at the first did please him well,  
 And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,  
 Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,  
 That Beauties bates can make the simple wise,  
 And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly  
 Choaseth a golden cage for liberty.



Ik

L X X I I I I.

The Author in this pafsion, vpō a reason fecret vnto him felfe, extolleth his Miftres vnder the name of a Spring. Firft he preferreth the fame before the fared fount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witneffeth 3. *Metam* :) was in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thæbes*: then, before *Tagus* the famous riuer in *Spaine*, whose fandes are intermixt with ftoare of gold, as may be gathered by thofe two verfes in *Martiall lib. 8.*

*Non illi fatis eſt turbato ſordidus auro*

*Hermus, & Heſperio qui ſonat orbe Tagus.*

And laſtly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Bœotia*, now called the well of the *Mufes*, & fained by the *Poets*, to haue had his fource or beginning from the heele of *Pegasus* the winged horſe.

**A**lthough the droppez, which chaung'd Actæons ſhape,  
Were halfe diuine, and from a ſacred fount;  
Though after *Tagus* ſandes the world do gape;  
And *Hippocrene* ſtand in high account:

Yet ther's a Spring, whole vertue doth excell  
Dianaes fount, *Tagus*, and *Pegafe* well.

That happie how'r, wherein I found it firſt,  
And ſat me downe adioyning to the bynke,  
My ſowe it ſelfe, ſuppl'd with vnknow'n thurſt,  
Did wiſh it latefull were thereof to drinke;  
But all in vaine: for Loue did will me ſtay  
And waite a while in hope of ſuch a pray.

This is that Spring quoth he, where *Nectar* flowes,  
Whole liquor is of price in heaun's aboue;  
This is the Spring, wherein ſwete *Venus* ſhowes,  
By ſecrete haite how *Beautie* forceth Loue.

Why then, quoth I, deere Loue how ſhall I mend,  
Or quench my thurſt, vnleſſe thou ſtand my friend?



In this pafsion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verfes of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abufes of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verfes may be thus cited to the explaining of this pafsion, although but lamelie.

*Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri  
Luserit Europam ficta &c.  
Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amorc. &c.  
Qualis & Asterien aquilinis prefferit alis:  
Quoque dolo lædam ficto sub olore fefellit.  
Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri sub imagine &c.  
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia &c.  
Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos &c.  
Parrhasiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,  
Mnemosynen pastor; serpens Deoïda lusit. &c.*

*Ouid* writeth fomewhat in like manner. *Metam. lib. 6.*

**N** Ot she, whom Ioue transported into Crete;  
 Noz Semele, to whom he bow'd in hast;  
 Noz she, whose flankes he filld with sayned heate;  
 Noz whome with Ægles winges he oft embrast;  
 Noz Danaë, beguyld by golden rape;  
 Noz she, for whome he tooke Dianaes shape;  
 Noz faire Antiopa, whose fruitefull loue  
 He gayned Satyr like; noz she, whose Sonne  
 To wanton Hebe was conioyn'd aboue;  
 Noz sweete Mnemosyne, whose loue he wunne  
 In shepherdes weede; no such are like the Saint,  
 whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.  
 And Ioue him selfe may stoyne, if so he please,  
 To heare me thus compare my Loue with his:  
 No forked fire, noz thunder can diseale  
 This heart of mine, where stronger torment is:  
 But O how this surpasseth all the rest,  
 That she, which hurtes me most, I loue her best.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himfelfe, & blafphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him felfe can recure. And the chiefe caufe that he fetteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, becaufe he him felfe could not remedie the hurt which he fufteyned by the loue of faire *Pfyches*.\*

\* Vide Apul.

**T**hou foolish God the Author of my griefe,  
 If *Pfyches* beames could fet thy heart on fire,  
 How can I hope, of thee to haue reliefe,  
 Whose minde with mine doth suffer like desire?  
 Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elsewhere  
 To fuch a Sainte as higher porte doth beare.  
 And fuch a Saint is she, whom I adore,  
 As foyles thy force, and makes thee stand aloofe;  
 None els, but she, can falue my feftered foare;  
 And she alone will ferue in my behoofe:  
 Then blinded hope, goe packe thee hence away,  
 And thou Sweet Soule, giue eare to what I lay.  
 And yet what shall I lay? Straunge is my cafe,  
 In mid't of froast to burne, and heze in flame:  
 Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy face,  
 Or els, that once I might poffeffe the same:  
 Or els that chaunce would make me free againe,  
 Whose hand helpt Loue to bring me to this paine.



L X X V I I.

The chiefe contentes of this Paffion are taken out of *Seraphine Sonnet*, 132.

*Col tempo passa gli anni, i mesi, e l' hore,  
Col tempo le ricchezze, imperio, e regno,  
Col tempo fama, honor, fortrezza, e ingegno,  
Col tempo giouentu con belta more &c,*

But this Authour inuerteth the order, which *Seraphine* vseth, some times for his rimes sake, but for the most part, vp on some other more allowable consideration.

**T**ime wasteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's :  
Time doth consume fame, honour, witt, and strength :  
Time kills the greenest Herbes and sweetest flowr's :  
Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length :  
Time doth conuey to ground both foe and friend,  
And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end.  
Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott :  
Time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine :  
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott :  
Time cleares the skie, which first hung full of rayne :  
Time makes an end of all humane desire,  
But onely this, which setteth my heart on fire.  
Time turneth into naught each Princely state :  
Time byings a fludd from newe resolued snowe :  
Time calmes the Sea where tempest was of late :  
Time eates what ere the Moone can see belowe :  
And yet no time preuailes in my behoue,  
Nor any time can make me ceale to loue.





## L X X V I I I.

This Pafsion concerneth the lowring of his Mistres and herein for the most part the Authour imitateth *Agnola firenzuola*; who vpon the like subiect, writeth as followeth,

*O belle donne, prendam pictade  
Di me pur hor' in talpa trasformato  
D' huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fiso  
Come Aquila il sol chiar in paradiso.  
Cosi va'l mondo, e cosi spesso accade  
A chi si fida in amoroso stato, &c.*

**W**hat scowling cloudes haue ouercast the skie,  
That these mine eyes can not, as woonte they were,  
Beholde their second Sunne intentiuelly?  
Some strange Eclipse is hap'ned as I feare,  
Whereby my Sunne is either hard of light,  
Or I my selfe haue lost my seeing quite.  
Most likely soe, since Loue him selfe is blinde,  
And Venus too (perhaps) will haue it so,  
That Louers wanting light shall followe kinde.  
O then faire Dames bewaile my present woe,  
Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolde runne  
Where Aegle like I late beheld the Sunne.  
But out alas, such guerdon is assignde  
To all that loue and followe Cupids carre:  
He tyres their limmes and doth bewitch their minde,  
And makes within them selues a lasting warre.  
Reason with much adoe doth teach me this,  
Though yet I cannot mend what is a misse.



L X X I X.

The Authour in this Pafsion seemeth vppon mislike of his wearisome estate in loue to enter into a deepe discourse with him selfe touching the particular miseries which befall him that loueth. And for his sense in this place, hee is very like vnto him selfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

*Mali quando Cupidinis  
Venas æstus edax occupat intimas,  
Artes ingenium labitur in malas ;  
Iactatur variè, nec Cereris subit  
Nec Bacchi studium ; peruigiles trahit  
Noctes ; cura animum sollicita atterit, &c.*

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Pafsion that the Authour preparerth him selfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the sequell of his other Pafsions that followe, which are all made vpon this Posie, *My Loue is past.*

**W**here heate of loue doth once possesse the heart,        ”  
 There cares oppresse the minde with wondrous ill,        ”  
 Wit runns awrye not fearing future smarte,        ”  
 And fond desire doth ouermaster will :        ”  
     The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,        ”  
     Nor ouerwatched eyes desire to winke :        ”  
 Footesteps are false, and waur'ing too and froe ;        ”  
 The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away :        ”  
 Reason repyes, and pleasure brings in woe :        ”  
 And wisdome yeldeth place to black decay :        ”  
     Counsell, and fame, and friendship are contem'nd :        ”  
     And bashfull shame, and Gods them selues condem'nd.        ”  
 Watchfull suspect is linked with despaire :        ”  
 Inconstant hope is often down'd in feares :        ”  
 What folly hurtes not fortune can repayre ;        ”  
 And misery doth swinne in Seas of teares :        ”  
     Long vse of life is but a lingering foe,        ”  
     And gentle death is only end of woe.        ”

## MY LOVE IS PAST.



<sup>1</sup> **A**ll such as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue  
 some skill in Arithmetike, by viewing this Sonnet  
 following compiled by rule and number, into the  
 forme of a piller, may soone iudge, howe much art &  
 study the Authour hath bestowed in the same. Where  
 in as there are placed many preaty obseruations, so these which I  
 will set downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue  
 such idle leasure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he framed  
 it. First therfore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except  
<sup>2</sup> the basis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other  
 Antitheticall or Antifillabicall. Secondly, how this posie (Amare  
 est insanire) runneth twofe through out y<sup>e</sup> Columne, if ye gather but  
<sup>3</sup> the first letter of euery whole verse orderly (excepting the two last)  
 and then in like manner take but the last letter of euery one of the  
 said verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to bee obserued, that euery  
<sup>4</sup> verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth,  
 and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly obserued, al-  
 though not after our accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote  
 of the piller is Orchematicall, y<sup>e</sup> is to say, founded by transilition or  
<sup>5</sup> ouer skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7,  
 & 9: the secreet vertue whereof may be learned in \* Trithemius, as  
 namely by tables of transilition to decypher any thing that is writ-  
 ten by secreet transposition of letters, bee it neuer so cunningly con-  
 ueighed. And lastly, this obseruation is not to be neglected, that  
 when all the foresaide particulars are perfoymed, the whole piller is  
 but iust 18 verses, as will appeare in the page following it, Per  
 modum expansionis.

\* Polygra-  
 phiae suae lib. 5



LXXXI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

*A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.*

A 1 At  
 2 last, though  
 3 late, farewell  
 4 olde well a da: A  
 m 5 Mirth or mischance strike  
 a 6 bp a newe alarM, And m  
 7 Cypria la nemica  
 r 8 miA Retire to Cyprus Ile, a  
 e 9 & cease thy waRk, Els must thou proue how r  
 E 10 Reason can by charmE Enforce to flight thy e  
 s 11 blindfolde bratte & thee. So frames it with mee now, E  
 t 12 that I confesS, The life I ledde in Loue deuoyde s  
 I 12 of relT, It was a Hell, where none felte moze then I, t  
 n 11 For anye with lyke miseries forlozP. Since n  
 s 10 therefore now my woes are wored lesS, And s  
 a 9 Reason bidde mee leaue olde welladA, a  
 n 8 No longer shall the worlde laughe mee  
 i 7 to scozP; I'le choole a path that n  
 r 6 shall not leade awyie. Rest i  
 5 then with mee from your  
 4 blinde Cupids cark r  
 e. 3 Each one of  
 2 you, that  
 1 serue,  
 3 and would be  
 5 freE. H'is dooble thzall e.  
 7 that liu's as Loue thinks best, whose  
 9 hande still Tyrant like to hurte is preste.

Huius Colum-  
 næ Basis, pro  
 fillabarum nu-  
 mero & linea-  
 rum proporti-  
 one est Orche-  
 matica.



U

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

*Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.*

A At last, though late, farewell olde wellada ;  
 m Mirth for mischaunce strike by a newe alarm ;  
 a And Ciprya la nemica mia  
 r Ketyre to Cyprus Ile and cease thy warr,  
 e Els must thou proue howe Reason can by charme  
 E Enforce to flight thy blyndfold harte and thee.  
 s So frames it with me now, that I confest  
 t The life I ledde in Loue deuoyd of rest  
 I It was a Hell, where none felt moze then I,  
 n For any with like miseries forlozn.  
 s Since therefore now my woes are wexed less,  
 a And Reason bids me leaue olde wellada,  
 n No longer shall the world laugh me to scozn :  
 i Ile choose a path that shall not leade awzi.  
 r Rest then with me from your blinde Cupids carr  
 e. Each one of you, that serue and would be free.  
 \* His double thral that liu's as Loue thinks best  
 Whose hand still Tyrant like to hurt is prest.

A  
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τὸν τοῖς τύρα-  
 νον ἐυσεβῆιν  
 οὐ ῥάδιον.  
 Sophoc. in  
 Aia. flagell.



LXXXIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of *Ronsardes*

\* *Odes*; which beginneth thus.

*Les Muses lierent vn iour  
De chaines de roses Amour,  
Et pour le garder, le donnerent  
Aus Graces & à la Beautè:  
Qui voyans sa desloyauté,  
Sus Parnase l' emprisonnerent. &c.*

\* *Au liuredes  
ses meſlanges.*

**T**he Muses not long ſince intrapping Loue  
In chaines of roales linked all araye,  
Gaue Beautie charge to watch in their behoue  
With Graces thre, leſt he ſhould wend awaye:  
Who fearing yet he would eſcape at laſt,  
On high Parnaffus toppe they clapt him faſt.  
When Venus vnderſtoode her Sonne was thꝛall,  
She made poſthaſte to haue God Vulcans ayde,  
Solde him her Gemmes, and Ceſton therewithall,  
To ranſome home her Sonne that was betraide;  
But all in vaine. the Muses made no ſtoare  
Of gold, but bound him faſter then befoze.  
Therefore all you, whom Loue did ere abuſe,  
Come clappe your handes with me, to ſee him thꝛall,  
Whoſe former deedes no reaſon can excuſe,  
For killing thoſe, which hurt him not at all:  
My ſelke by him was lately led awaye,  
Though now at laſt I force my loue to dye.

vt Martis  
reuocetur  
amor, ſūmique  
Tonantis,  
A te luno petit  
Ceſton, et ipſa  
Venus.  
Martialis.



¶ 2



## LXXXIII.

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this Sonnet expreffeth his mallice towardes *Venus* and her Sonne *Cupid*, by currying fauour with *Diana*, and by fuing to haue the felfe fame office in her walkes and forrest, which sometimes her chafte and best beloued *Hippolitus* enjoyed. Which *Hippolitus* (as *Seruius* witneffeth) dyed by the false decept of his Stepmother *Phædra*, for not yeelding ouer himfelfe vnto her incestuous loue: whereuppon *Seneca* writeth thus,

*Iuuenisque castus crimine incestæ iacet,  
Pudicus, infons.*

**D**iana, ſince Hippolytus is deade,  
Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place:  
My might through will ſhall ſtand thee in ſome ſteade,  
To diue blinde Loue and Venus from thy chafe:  
For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,  
I vow me nowe to be their mortall foe.  
And doe thou not miſtruſt my chaſtetic,  
When I ſhall raunge amidſt thy virgine traine:  
My raynes are chaſtned ſo through miſeric,  
That Loue with me can nere preuaile againe:  
,, The childe, whole finger once hath felt the fire,  
,, To playe therewith will haue but ſmale deſire.  
Beſides, I vow to beare a watchful eye,  
Discou'ring ſuch, as paſſe along thy groue;  
If Iuppiter him ſelfe come loytring by,  
He call thy crew, and bid them fly from Ioue;  
For if they ſtay, he will obtaine at laſt,  
What now I loathe, becauſe my loue is paſt.



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The cheifest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certaine Latin verses of *Strozza* a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the best Poëts in all his age: who in describing Metaphorically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous estate, writeth thus:

*Vnda hic sunt Lachrimæ, Venti suspiria, Remi  
Vota, Error velum, Mens malefana Ratis;  
Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Constantia Amoris  
Est malus, Dolor est Anchora, Nauita Amor, &c.*

**T**he souldiar woꝛne with warres, delightes in peace;  
The pilgrime in his ease, when toyles are past;  
The ship to gayne the porte, when stormes doe cease;  
And I reioyce, from Loue discharg'd at last;  
Whome while I seru'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,  
With grieuosome wars, with toyles, with storm's betost.  
Sweete liberty nowe giues me leaue to sing,  
What worlde it was, where Loue the rule did beare;  
Howe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd euery thing;  
Howe Error was maine faile; each waue a Teare;        "  
The master, Loue him selke; deepe sighes were winde;   "  
Cares rowd with vowes the ship vnmery minde.        "  
False hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about;        "  
Inconstant faith stood vp for middle maste        "  
Despaire the cable twisted all with Doubt        "  
Held Griping Griefe the pyked Anchor fast;        "  
Beautie was all the rockes. But I at last,        "  
Am now twice free, and all my loue is past.        "



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The sence of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter, which *Aeneas Sylvius* wrote vnto his friend, to persuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing lesse then such *fond Loue*; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idly bestowed in describing the same.

**S**weete liberty restozes my woonted ioy,  
 And bids me tell, how painters set to viewe  
 The forme of Loue. They painte him but a Boy,  
 As working most in mindes of youthfull crewe:  
 They set him naked all, as wanting shame  
 To keepe his secret partes or t'hide the same.  
 They paint him blinde in that he cannot spy  
 What difference is twixt vertue and default  
 With Boe in hand, as one that doth desie,  
 And cumber heedelesse heartes with fierce assault:  
 His other hand doth hold a brand of fire,  
 In signe of heate he makes through hot desire.  
 They giue him winges to flie from place to place,  
 To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,  
 Whose liberty fond Loue doth once deface.  
 This forme to Loue old paynters haue assignd:  
 Whose fond effects if any list to proue,  
 Where I make end, let them begin to Loue.





## MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a brieve and pithy morall, and made after the felse same vaine with that, which is last before it. The two first staffes, (excepting onely the two first verses of all) expresse the Authours alteration of minde & life, and his change from his late vaine estate and follies in loue, by a metaphore of the shipmā, which by shipwrakes chaunce is happely restoared on a sodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had most wished for.

**I** Long maintayned warre gainst Reasons rule,  
**I** wandred pilgrime like in Errors maze,  
**I** sat in Follies ship, and playde the foole,  
**Till** on Repentance rocke hir sides did craze:  
 Herewith **I** learne by hurtes alreadie past,  
 That each extreme will change it selfe at last.  
**This** shipwrakes chance hath set me on a shelve,  
**Where** neither Loue can hurte me any moze,  
**Noz** Fortunes hand, though she enforce her selfe;  
**Discretion** graunts to let me safe on shoare,  
 Where guile is fettered fast and wisedome rules,  
 To punish heedeles hearts and wilfull fooles.  
**And** since the heau'ns haue better lot assign'd,  
**I** feare to burne, as hauing felte the fire;  
**And** proofe of harmes so changed hath my minde,  
**That** witt and will to Reason doe retyre:  
**Not** Venus nowe, noz Loue with all his snares  
**Can** drawe my witts to woes at vnawares.



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two first staves of this Sonnet are altogether sententiall, and euerie one verse of them is grownded vpon a diuerse reason and authoritie from the rest. I haue thought good for breuitie sake, onelie to set downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they stand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile est seruare castitatem.* 2. Ausonius: *dispulit inconsultus amor &c.* 3. Seneca: *Amor est ociosæ causa sollicitudinis.* 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui finem vesani quærit amoris.* 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentis acuës sagittas.* 6. Xenophon *scribit amorem esse igne, & flamma flagrantiorẽ, quòd ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantũ cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat.* 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo sunt in amore mala.* 8. Ouidius: *Inferet arma tibi scæua rebellis amor.* 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum sineret perfidiosus amor.* 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Insultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At lasciuis amor rixæ mala verba ministrat.* 12. Virgilius: *Bellum sæpe petit ferus exitiale Cupido.*

„ **L**oue hath delight in sweete delicious fare;  
 „ Loue neuer takes good Counsell for his frende;  
 „ Loue authoꝝ is, and cause of ydle care;  
 „ Loue is distraught of witte, and hath no end;  
 „ Loue shoteth shaftes of burning hote desire;  
 „ Loue burneth moze then eyther flame oꝝ fire:  
 „ Loue doth much harme through Iealofies assault;  
 „ Loue once embzast will hardly part againe;  
 „ Loue thinke in breach of faith there is no fault;  
 „ Loue makes a spoꝝte of others deadly paine;  
 „ Loue is a wanton Childe, and loues to bzall;  
 „ Loue with his warre bynges many soules to thꝝall.  
 These are the smallest faultes that lurke in Loue,  
 These are the hurtes which I haue cause to curse,  
 These are those truethes which no man can disproue,  
 These are such harmes as none can suffer woꝝle.  
 All this I wꝝite, that others may beware,  
 \* Though now my selfe twise free from all such care.

1. Hieroni.
2. Aufon.
3. Seneca.
4. Propert.
5. Horat.
6. Xenoph.
7. Calent.
8. Ouid.
9. Pont.
10. Marull.
11. Tibull.
12. Virgil. de  
Vino et  
Venere.

¶



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine passion, the Authour tranflateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Sonnet. 313.

*Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo,  
Lieta nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme. &c.*

But to make it ferue his own turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as since the death of his beloued *Laura*. Vnder which name also the Authour, in this Sonnet, speci-fieth her, whom he lately loued.

**M**E sibi ter binos annos vnumque subegit  
Diuus Amor ; lætusque fui, licet ignibus arsi ;  
Spemque habui certam, curis licet iclus acerbis.  
*Iamque duos alios exutus amore perēgi,  
Ac si sydercos mea Laura volārit in orbes,  
Duxerit et secum veteris penetralia cordis.  
Pertæsum tandem vitæ me pænitet actæ,  
Et pudet erroris penè absumpsisse sub vmbra  
Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima restat,  
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,  
Et malè transactæ deploro tempora vitæ,  
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,  
Litis in arcendæ studijs, et pace colendæ.  
Ergò summe Deus, per quem sum clausus in isto  
Carcere, ab æterno saluum fac esse periclo.*



## XCI.

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those  
 verses of *Horace*. *Me tabula facer*  
*Votiuu paries indicat vuida*  
*Suspendisse potenti*  
*Vestimenta maris Deo.*

Ad Pyrrham  
 ode. 5.

Whom also that renowned *Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola*  
 did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter,  
 as followeth.

*O miseri coloro,*  
*Che non prouar di donna fede mai :*  
*Il pericol, ch'io corsi*  
*Nel tempestoso mar, nella procella*  
*Del lor crudel Amore,*  
*Mostrar lo può la tauoletta posta,*  
*E le vesti ancor molli*  
*Sospese al tempio del horrendo Dio*  
*Di questo mar crudele.*

**Y**E captiue soules of blindfold Cyprians boate,  
 Marke with aduise in what estate yee stande,  
 Your Boteman neuer whistles mearie noate,  
 And Folly keeping sterne, still puttes from lande,  
 And makes a sport to tolle you to and froe  
 Twixt fighting windes, and lurging waues of woe.  
 On Beauties rocke she runnes you at her will,  
 And holdes you in suspense twixt hope and feare,  
 Where dying oft, yet are you liuing still,  
 But such a life, as death much better were ;  
 Be therefore circumspect, and follow me,  
 When Chaunce, or change of maners sets you free.  
 Beware how you returne to seas againe :  
 Hang vp your votiuue tables in the quyre  
 Of Cupids Church, in witnesse of the paine  
 You suffer now by forced fond desire :  
 Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall,  
 And sing with me, That Loue is mixt with gall.

¶ 2

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde *Cupid* with the honest delightes & deedes of other his fellow Goddes and Gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forooke to follow him ; whom he confesseth to haue bene greate & forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is seldomest redde, wherefore know they which know it not alreadie, that *Hebe* (as *Seruius* writeth) is *Iuno*'s daughter, hauing no father, & now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddesse of youth, and youthlie sporting : and was cupbearer to *Ioue*, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so vnhappelie, that they sawe her priuities, whereupon *Ioue* being angry, substituted *Ganimedes* into her office and place.

**P** Hebus delightes to biew his Lawrel Tree ;  
 The Popplar pleaseth Hercules alone ;  
 Melissa mother is, and faultrix to the Bee ;  
 Pallas will weare the Oliue branche or none ;  
 Of shepherdes and their flocke Pales is Quene ;  
 And Ceres rypes the corne, was lately greene ;  
 To Chloris eu'ry flower belongses of right ;  
 The Dryade Nimphs of woodes make chiefe account ;  
 Oreades in hills haue their delight ;  
 Diana doth protect each bubbling Fount ;  
 To Hebe louely kissing is assign'd ;  
 To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde.  
 But what is Loues delight ? to hurt each where ;  
 ,, He cares not whome, with darter of deepe desire,  
 ,, With watchfull iealousie, with hope, with feare,  
 ,, With nipping cold, and secrete flames of fire.  
 O happye howre wherein I did forgoe  
 This litle God, so greate a cause of woe.



XCIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and sixth line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two sententious verses in *Sophocles* ; whereof the first is,

ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ξύμφορον,  
*O foole, in euills fretting nought auailes.*

\* In Oedipo  
Colonæo.

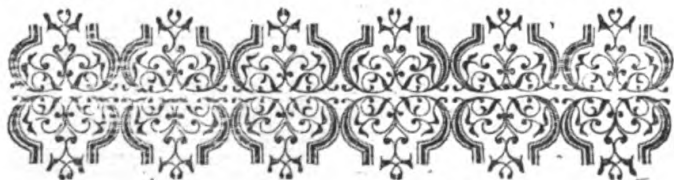
The second,

τὸ γὰρ  
φανθὲν τίς ἀν δύναιτ' ἀγέννητον ποιεῖν.  
*For who can make vndon what once is done ?*

\* In Trachini-  
is.

In the other two staves following, the Authour pursueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the selfe same sillable he vsed in the first : wherein hee imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

**M**Y loue is past, woe woorth the day and how'r  
When to such folly first I did encline,  
Whereof the very thought is bitter sow'r,  
And still would hurte, were not my soule diuine,  
Or did not *Reason* teach, that care is vaine  
For ill once past, which cannot turne againe.  
My *Loue* is past, blessed the day and how'r.  
When from so fond estate I did decline,  
Wherein was little Sweet with mickle sow'r,  
And losse of minde, whose substance is diuine,  
Or at the lest, expence of time in vaine,  
For which expence no *Loue* returneth gaine.  
My *Loue* is past, wherein was no good how'r :  
When others ioy'd, to cares I did encline,  
Whereon I fedde, although the taste were sow'r.  
And still beleu'd *Loue* was some pow'ꝝ diuine,  
Or some instinct, which could not worke in vaine,  
Forgetting, *Time well spent was double gaine.*



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paffion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he writeth in this manner.

*Biaſtemo quando mai le labbra aperſi  
Per dar nome à coſtei, che accid me induce.  
Biaſtemo il tempo, & quanti giorni hò perſi  
A ſeguitar ſi tenebroſa luce:  
Biaſtemo charta, inchiostro, e verſi,  
Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce:  
Biaſtemo quando mai la vidi anchora,  
El meſe, l'anno, & giorno, el punto, & lhora.*

**I** Curſe the time, wherein theſe lips of mine  
Did praye or praife the Dame that was vnkinde:  
I curſe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line  
My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde:  
I curſe her hollowe heart and flattring eyes,  
Whole lie deceypte did cauſe my mourning cryes:  
I curſe the ſugred ſpeech and Syrens ſong,  
Wherewith ſo oft ſhe hath bewitcht mine eare:  
I curſe my fooliſh will, that ſtay'd ſo long,  
And tooke delight to hide twirte hoape and feare:  
I curſe the howze, wherein I firſt began  
By louing lookes to proue a witleſſe man:  
I curſe thoſe dayes which I haue ſpent in vaine,  
By ſeruing ſuch an one as reakes no right:  
I curſe each cauſe of all my ſecret paine,  
Though Loue to heare the ſame haue ſmall delight:  
And ſince the heau'ns my freedome nowe reſtoze,  
Hence forth Ile liue at eaſe, and loue no moze.



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

*A Labyrinth* is a place made full of turnings & creekes, where-  
 hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte \* *Pliny* mentioneth foure in the world, which \* Lib. 36. ca. 13.  
 were most noble. One in *Crete* made by *Dædalus*, at the com-  
 maundement of king *Minos*, to shut vp the *Minotaure* in:  
 to which monster the *Atheniens* by league were bound, eue-  
 ry yeere to send seuen of their children, to bee deuoured;  
 which was performed, till at the last, by the helpe of *Ari-  
 adne*, *Theseus* slewe the monster. An other he mentioneth to  
 haue beene in *Ægipt*, which also *Pomponius Mela* describeth  
 in his first booke. The third in *Lemnos*, wherein were erected  
 a hūdreth & fifty pillers of singuler workmāship. The fourth  
 in *Italy*, builded by *Porfenna* king of *Hetruria*, to serue for his  
 sepulchre. But in this Pafsion the Authour alludeth vnto  
 that of *Crete* only.

**T**hough somewhat late, at last I found the way  
 To leaue the doubtfull Labyrinth of Loue,  
 Wherein (alas) each minute seemd a day:  
 Him selve was Minotaure; whose force to proue  
 I was enforst, till Reason taught my mind  
 To slay the beast, and leaue him there behind.  
 But being scaped thus from out his maze,  
 And past the dang'rous Denne so full of doubt,  
 False Theseus like, my credite shall I craze,  
 Forsaking her, whose hand did helpe me out?  
 With Ariadne Reason shall not say,  
 I sau'd his life, and yet he runnes away.  
 No, no, before I leaue the golden rule,  
 O' lawes of her, that stode so much my friend,  
 O' once againe will play the louing foole,  
 The sky shall fall, and all shall haue an end:  
 I wish as much to you that louers be,  
 Whose paines will passe, if you beware by me.





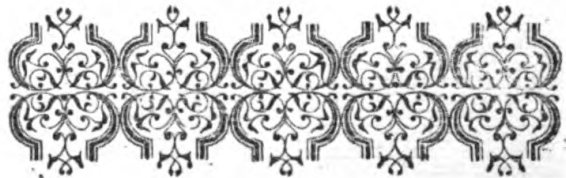
## MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Passion, the Authour in scoffing bitterly at *Venus*, and her sonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verses in *Ouid*, but inuerteth them to an other sense, then *Ouid* vsed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. These are the verses, which he imitateth,

*Ecce puer Veneris fert euersamque phraretram,  
Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.  
Aspice demissis vt eat miserabilis alis,  
Pectoraqu. infesta tondat aperta manu. &c.  
Nec minus est confusa Venus. &c,  
Quàm iuuenis rupit cum ferus inguen apr,*

Elegiar. lib. 8

**W**hat ayles poore Venus nowe to sit alone  
In funerall attyre, her woonted hew  
Quite chang'd, her smile to teares, her myrth to moan:  
As though Adonis woundes nowe bled anew,  
Or she with young Iulus late return'd  
From seeing her *Aeneas* carkas burn'd.  
Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,  
To haue his tender cheekes besprent with teares,  
And sit and sighe, where he was wonte to toy?  
How happes, no longer he his quiver weares,  
But breakes his Boe, throwing the shiuers by,  
And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye?  
No, Dame and Darling too, yee come to late,  
To winne me now, as you haue done tofore;  
I liue secure, and quiet in estate,  
Fully resolu'd from louing any more:  
Goe pack for shame from hence to Cyprus Ile,  
And there goe play your prankes an other while.



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this passion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus*, which is sette downe at large in the *Argonauticks* of *Apollo-nius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him selfe vnto *Phineus*; his Mistres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his desires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus ultra* spoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miseries of a Louers estate, but to professe vnfainedlie, that his Loue is past. And, last of all, the Author concludeth against the fower sawce of *Loue* with the French prouerbe: *Pour vn plaisir mille douleurs*.

**T**he Harpye birdes, that did in such despight  
 Creue and annoy old Phineus so sore,  
 Were cha'd away by Calais in flight  
 And by his brother Zeth for euermore;  
 Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye  
 A voyce, that said, Ye Twinnes No further fly.  
 Phineus I am, that so tormented was;  
 My Laura here I may an Harpye name;  
 My thoughtes and lusses bee Sonnes to Borëas,  
 Which neuer cea'ft in following my Dame,  
 Till heau'nly Grace said vnto me at last,  
 Leaue fond Delightes, and say thy loue is past.  
 My loue is past I say, and sing full glad;  
 My time, alas, mispent in Loue I rewe,  
 Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had,  
 But stoare of woes: I found the prouerbe true,  
 For eu'ry pleasure that in Loue is found,  
 A thousand woes and more therein abound.

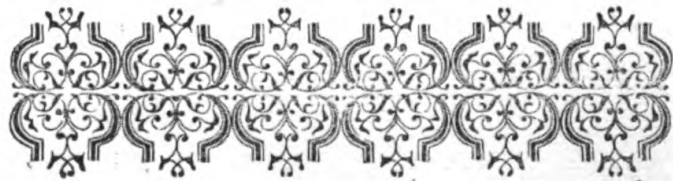


## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion, telling what *Loue* is, easeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The inuention hereof, for the most part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verses, which this Authour composed vpon *Quid Amor*. Which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly besitte the present title of his ouerpassed *Loue*, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke.

**H** Arke wanton youtnes, whome Beawtie maketh blinde,  
 And learne of me, what kinde a thing is Loue ;  
 Loue is a Brainesicke Boy, and fierce by kinde ;  
 A Willfull Thought, which Reason can not moue ;  
     A Flattring Sycophant ; a Murd'ring Thiefe ;  
     A Poyfned choaking Bayte ; a Tysing Griefe ;  
 A Tyrant in his Lawes ; in speach vnttrue ;  
 A Blindfold Guide ; a Feather in the winde ;  
 A right \* Chameleon for change of hewe ;  
 A Lamelimme Lust ; a Tempest of the minde ;  
     A Breach of Chastitie ; all vertues Foe ;  
     A Priuate warre ; a Toilsome webbe of woe ;  
 A Fearefull Iealofie ; a Vaine Desire ;  
 A Labyrinth ; a Pleasing Miserie ;  
 A Shipwracke of mans life ; a Smoaklesse fire ;  
 A Sea of teares ; a lasting Lunacie ;  
     A Heauie seruitude ; a Dropsie Thurst ;  
     A Hellish Gaile, whose captiues are accurst.

\*Vide Plin. natura Hist lib. 28. cap. 8.



## MY LOVE IS PAST.

### *Quid Amor?*

**Q**uid fit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro?  
Est Veneris proles; cælo metuendus, et Orco;  
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;  
Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes;  
Armatus puer; insanus iuuenis; nouitatis  
Questitor; belli fautor; virtuti inimicus;  
Splendidus ore; nocens promisso; lege tyrannus;  
Dux cæcus; gurgis viciorum; noctis alumnus;  
Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;  
Dulcis inexpertis; expertis durus; Eremus  
Stultitiæ; facula ignescens; vesana libido;  
Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;  
Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens;  
Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererisque minister;  
Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis;  
Prauorum carcer; corrupti sanguinis ardor;  
Irrationalis motus; sycophanta bilinguis;  
Struma pudicitiae; fumi expers flamma; patronus  
Periuræ linguæ; prostrato fæuus; amicus  
Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus  
Præceptor; sine fine malum; sine pace duellum;  
Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum;  
Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta sagitta;  
Sontica perniciæ; nodosæ caufa podâgræ;  
Natus ad infidias vulpes; pontus lachrymarum;  
Virginæ Zonæ ruptura; dolosa voluptas;  
Multicolor serpens; vrens affectus; inermis  
Bellator; senijque caput, seniumque iuuentæ;  
Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæstus  
Pollinctor; syren fallax; mors præuia morti;  
Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara  
Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis;  
Formarum egregius spectator; pæna perennis;  
Suspirans ventus; singultu plena querela;  
Triste magisterium; multæ iactura diei;  
Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus  
Sisyphium; radix curarum; desidis esca;  
Febris anhela; sitis morosa; hidropicus ardor;  
Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.



¶ 2

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

\* Lib. 9. Hist.  
animal.

This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in *Seraphine*, & grownded vpon that, which *Aristotle* writeth \* of the *Ægle*, for the prooffe she maketh of her birdes, by setting them to behold the Sonne. After whom *Pliny* hath written, as followeth :

Nat. Hist. lib.  
30. cap. 1.

*Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos suos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduersos intueri Solis radios: et si conuiuentem humectantemq. animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atq. degenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra steterit, educat.*

**T**he haughtie *Ægle* Birde, of Birdes the best,  
 Befoze the feathers of her younglinges growe,  
 She listes them one by one from out theire nest,  
 To betwe the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;  
 Those that behold it not with open eye,  
 She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.  
 Such was my case, when Loue possest my mind;  
 Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light  
 Of her my Sunne, whose beames had made me blinde,  
 I made my Will supprelle it with Despight:  
 But such a thought, as could abide her best,  
 I harbred still within my carefull brest.  
 But those fond dayes are past, and halfe forgotte;  
 I practise now the quite cleane contrary:  
 What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,  
 But choake them streight, for feare of leopardy;  
 For though that Loue to some do seeme a Toy,  
 I knowe by prooffe, that Loue is long annoy.



## C.

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour faineth here, that *Loue*, essaying with his brand, to fire the heart of some such Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguished or no, applied it vnto his owne brest, and thereby foolishlie consumed him selfe. His inuention hath some relation vnto the Epitaph of *Loue*, written by *M. Girolimo Parabosco*;

*In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore,  
Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, &c.*

**R**elolu'd to dust intomb'd heere lieth Loue,  
Through faulte of her, who heere her selfe should lye;  
He strooke her brest, but all in vaine did proue  
To fire the ple: and doubting by and by  
His brand had lost his force, he gan to trye  
Upon him selfe; which tryall made him dye.

In sooth no force; let those lament that lust,  
Ile sing a carroll long for obsequy;  
For, towards me his dealings were vnjust,  
And cause of all my passed misery:

The Fates, I thinke, seeing what I had past,  
In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacifie my minde,  
By illing him, through whome I liu'd a slaue,  
Ile cast his ashes to the open winde,  
Or write this Epitaph vpon his graue;

*Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the bastard Sonne,  
Whose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne.*





## MY LOVE IS PAST.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a prayer than a Passion : and is faithfully translated out of *Petrarch*, *Sonnet. 314. 2. parte*, where he beginneth,

*I vò piangendo i miei passati tempi,  
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,  
Senza leuarmi à volo, hauend' io l'ale,  
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi. &c.*

**L** *Vgeo iam querulus vitæ tot lustra peracta,  
Qua malè consumpsi, mortalia vana secutus,  
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitasse per altum,  
Exemplarq. fuisse alijs, nec inutile forsan.*  
*Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasq. nefandas,  
Cæli summe parens, magnum, & venerabile numen,  
Collapse succurre animæ; mentisq. caducæ  
Candida defectum tua gratia suppleat omnem.*  
*Vt, qui sustinui bellum, durasq. procellas,  
In pace, & portu moriar; minimeq. probanda  
Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honestè.*  
*Tantillo vitæ spacio, quod fortè superfit,  
Funeribusq. meis præsentem porrige dextram;  
Ipse vides, in te quàm spes mea tota reposita est.*

F I N I S.

*The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemistres.*



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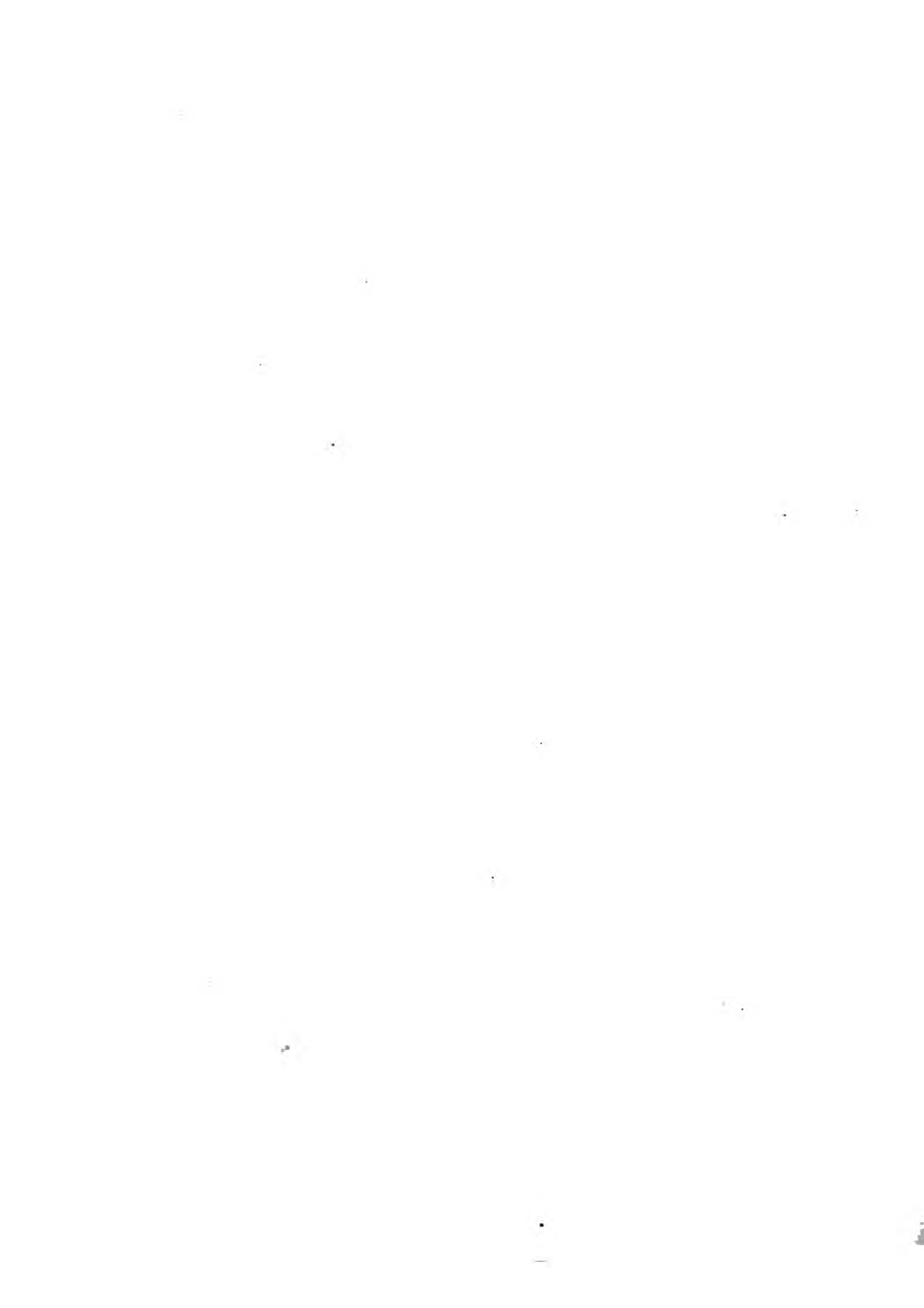
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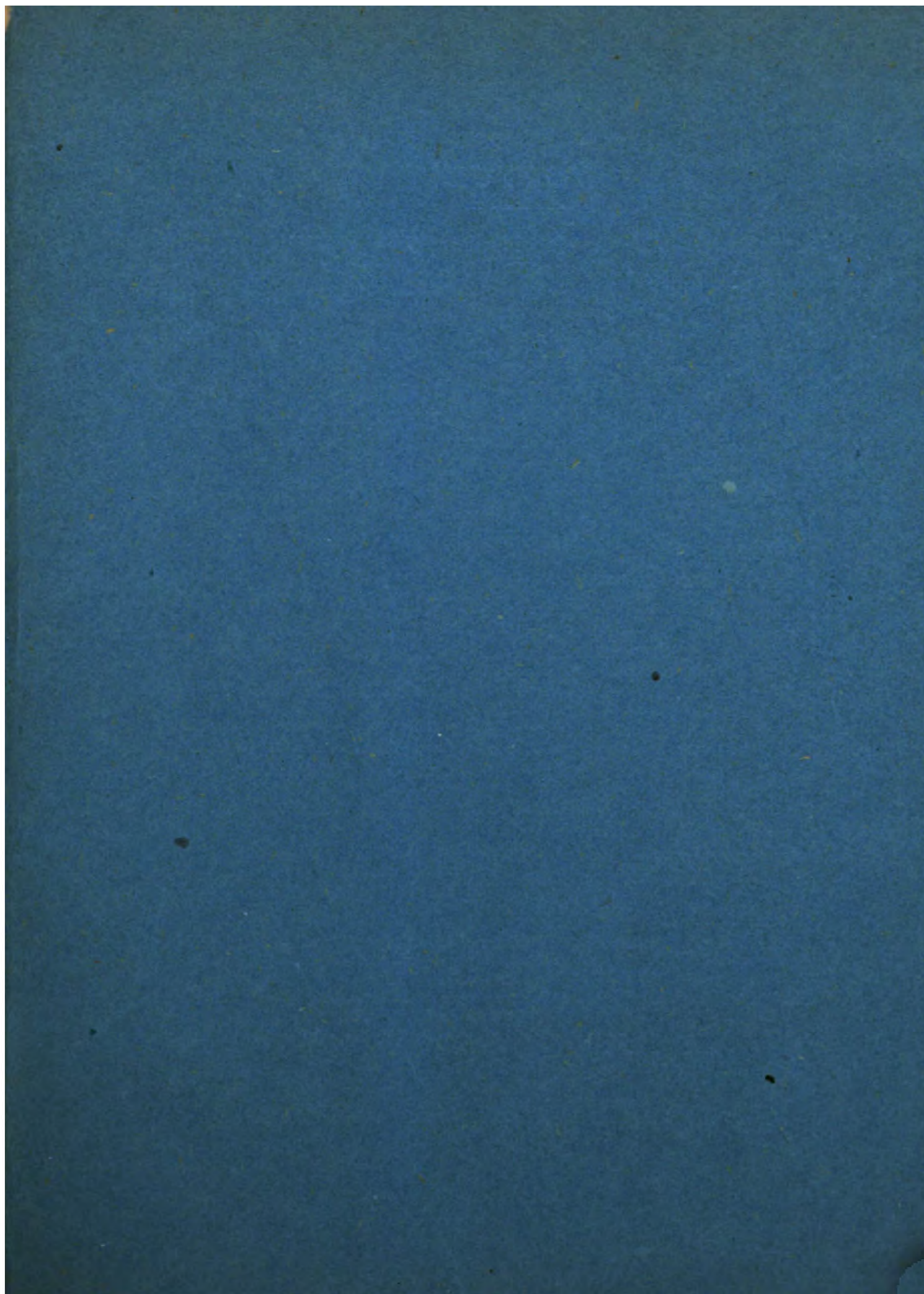
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The first portion of the Reprint of the later Works of JOHN TAYLOR the WATER POET not included in the Folio Volume is in the Press, and will form Issue No. 7 of the Spenser Society's Publications. It will include the following rare Tracts by this Author :

- TAYLOR on *Thame Isis*: or the Description of the two famous Riwers of *Thame* and *Isis*, who being conioyned or combined together, are called *Thamisis* or *Thames*. London, Printed by *John Haviland*. 1632.
- The Old, Old, very Old Man: or The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*, the Sonne of *John Parr* of *Winnington* in the Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp*, (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th, and is now living in the *Strand*, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monethes. London, Printed for *Henry Goffen*. 1635.
- Part of this Summers Travels, or News from *Hell*, *Hull*, and *Hallifax*, from *York*, *Linne*, *Leicester*, *Chester*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, *Nottingham*, and the *Divells Ars a Peake*. Imprinted by *J. O.* [1639.]
- The Praife of the Needle. Printed for *James Baler*. 1640.
- Differing Worships, or, The Oddes, between some Knights Service and God's. Printed for *William Ley*. 1640.
- A swarme of sectaries, and Schismatiques: wherein is discovered the strange preaching (or prating) of such as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sowgelders, and Chymney-Sweepers. Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily &c. 1641.
- Religions Enemies. With a brief and ingenious Relation, as by *Anabaptists*, *Brownists*, *Papists*, *Familists*, *Atheists*, and *Foolists*, lawcily presuming to tosse Religion in a Blanquet. Printed at London for *Thomas Bates*. 1641.
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- The Complaint of Christmas, written after Twelfsetide, and Printed before Candlemas. Printed at the charges of the Author. [1642.]
- The whole Life and Progressse of *Henry Walker* the Ironmonger. Printed at London 1642.
- A Cluster of Coxcombes; or a Cinquepace of five sorts of Knaves and Fooles: Namely, The *Donatists*, *Publicans*, *Disciplinarians*, *Anabaptists*, and *Brownists*; their Originals, Opinions, Confutations, and (in a word) their Heads Roundly jolted together. July 13. Printed for *Richard Webb*, 1642.
- A full and compleet Answer against the Writer of a late Volume set forth, entituled *A Tale in a Tub*, or *A Tub Lecture*: with a Vindication of that ridiculous name called Round-Heads. London, printed for *F. Cowles*, *T. Bates*, and *T. Banks*. 1642.
- The Kings most excellent Majesties Wellcome to his owne House, truly called the Honour of *Hampton COURT*. Printed in the yeare 1647.
- A Short Relation of a Long Journey made round or owall by encompassing the Principallitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Chester*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Anglesey*, *Carnarvan*; *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembroke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Glocester*, &c. Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the sign of the *Poets-Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*. [1653.]











